# YANK

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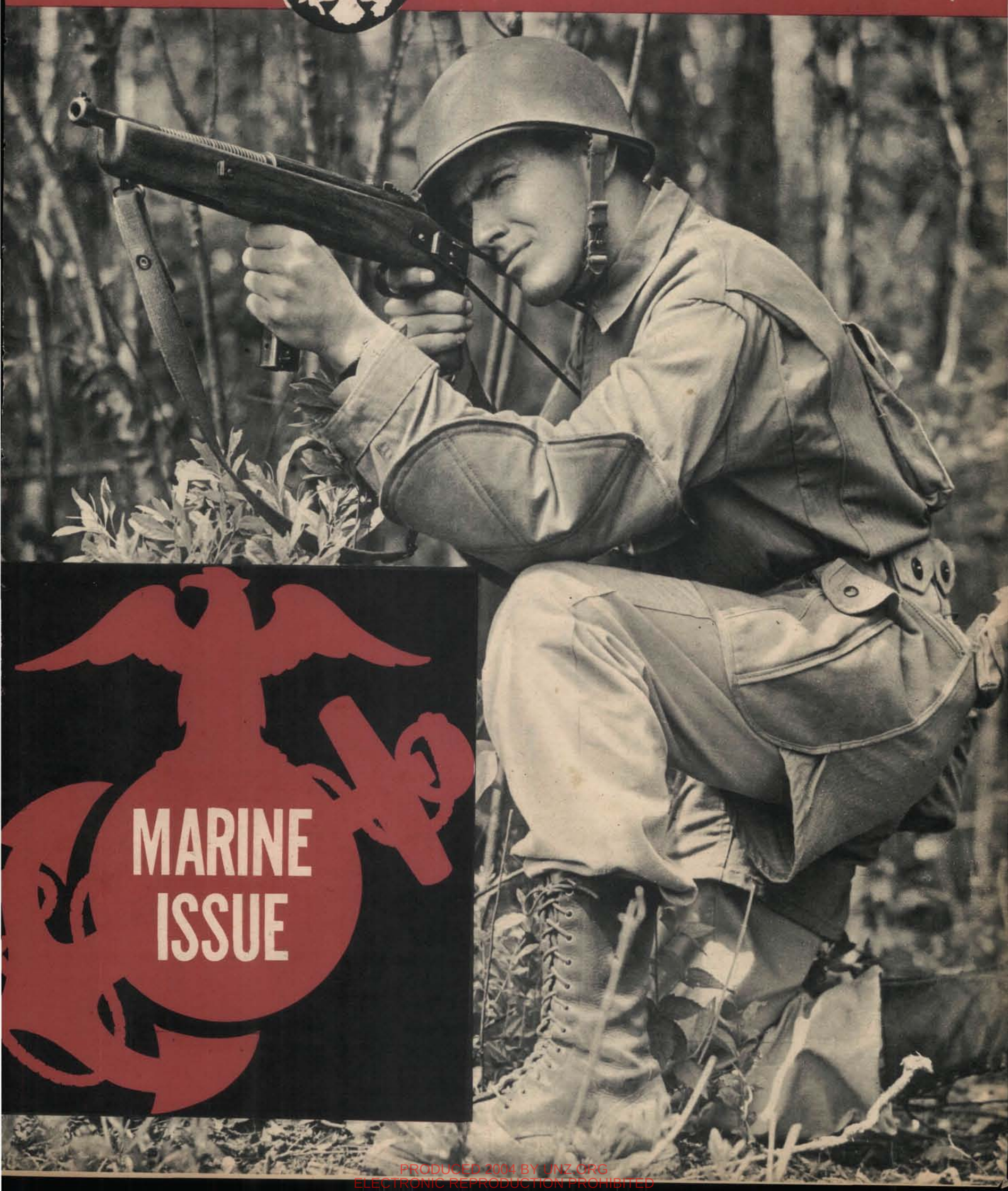
By the men . . for the men in the service



MARINE ISSUE

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# Semper Fidelis

**The story of the Marine Corps begins in 1775 at a Philadelphia beer tavern and then spreads with immortal chapters of fighting courage all over the world to Tripoli, Mexico, Cuba, Chateau Thierry, Belleau Wood, Wake and now the Solomon Islands.**

*First formal uniform issued in 1804.*

ONE warm day in 1775, a Bucks County farmer named Joe Harper eased into Tun Tavern in Philadelphia. He wanted a thirst-quencher to fortify himself for the long trip home; and he was curious. He had come to town not so much to sell his produce as to find out about this rebellion against the British.

He ordered an ale, and sat down. A fellow in a leather apron served him, a tall burly fellow with a sharp eye and a muscled forearm. They got to talking.

"You know anything about this rebellion?" Harper asked.

"I might," said the tavern keeper. "Why?"

"Because if there's a fight getting started anywhere, and it's a good one, I want in. But I'm not for leaving the farm unless it's going to be a good one, and worth fighting, and I'm on the winning side."

"Sir," said the tavern keeper, "this drink is on the house."

Joe Harper was a man the tavern keeper respected, for the tavern keeper was not an ordinary fellow himself. He was Robert Mullan, first captain and first recruiting officer of what in time was to become the U. S. Marines. And, setting a standard for Marines that has lasted 167 years and still prevails, Capt. Mullan was enlisting only strong men who loved an honest fight and were determined to win it.

So Joe Harper joined the Continental Marines, then scarcely a month old. Capt. Mullan enlisted him and many others over the persuasion of free ale in the grog shop. The Corps was created Nov. 10, 1775, under authorization of the Continental Congress for two battalions of sea soldiers.

Those first Marines not only fought, but provided their own clothes and their own guns. They provided a record for courage, sharpshooting and contempt of the enemy, a pride in their own might that is today the bedrock of the USMC.

In the wake of Capt. Mullan and his ragged heroes has followed a line of Marines with a phenomenal record for being in the line of fire wherever the interests of the U. S. are in jeopardy.

Here are a few of their famous achievements:

A total of 180 landings on foreign shores since their creation.

First to fire a U. S. shot in the first World War: Cpl. Michael Chockie.

First to land in Japan: in 1853 with Perry.

First to fly the U. S. flag over Alaska: at Sitka, Oct. 18, 1867.

*Marines invaded Sumatra in 1832 and burned pirate forts to avenge slaughter of American traders.*

First to catapult a plane from a moving warship: Lt. Alfred A. Cunningham in 1916 from the S.S. *North Carolina*. (He broke his back in the attempt but lived to lead a Marine outfit in the first World War.)

First to loop the loop in a seaplane: Lt. Col. F. T. Evans, 1917.

These are only a few. The Marines have filled a thick book with their "famous firsts." And in this war they have added others. Here's one:

First to sink a Jap ship: Maj. H. T. Elrod and Capt. Frank Tharin, Dec. 11, 1941.

The first great exploit of the Marines took place while the ink on the Declaration of Independence was scarcely dry. A fleet of eight ships, under Commodore Esek Hopkins, sailed to New Providence in the Bahamas, where the British had stored a lot of ammunition. The 200 Marines went ashore, seized the stores, captured the British governor and sailed away without the loss of a man.

This exploit brought them to the attention of the Continental Congress, and the Marines were given uniforms consisting of green shirts and coats, red coat facing, light breeches, wool stockings and round hats with white binding.

It was at this point that the Marines went dapper, establishing a tradition which still exists. The men of 1776 wore their hair in queues and powdered it. Because they wore leather stocks around their necks, they were dubbed Leathernecks.

*Eagle-globe-and-anchor insignia first used in 1868.*

After fighting on land with Washington, the Marines went back to sea in 1779, under their first great naval commander, John Paul Jones. On Sept. 23, aboard the frigate *Bonhomme Richard*, they encountered the British man-of-war *Serapis*. The Marines, under Capt. Richard Dale, scorned the safety of the deck, climbed into the top rigging where, although easy targets for the enemy, they could spray the *Serapis* with lead.

It was well they did, for most of the *Bonhomme Richard's* guns burst at the first discharge, leaving the Marines the first line of offense.

A frightened gunner, believing his ship doomed, shouted "quarter," but Jones cracked his skull with the weight of a pistol. The British commander, hearing the gunner's shout, thought the Americans had surrendered, and called to verify it.

"Sir," shouted Jones, giving the Marines the first of many great battle cries, "I have not yet begun to fight."

Down from the rigging scrambled the Marines. They boarded the enemy vessel. During the hand-to-hand fighting a Marine



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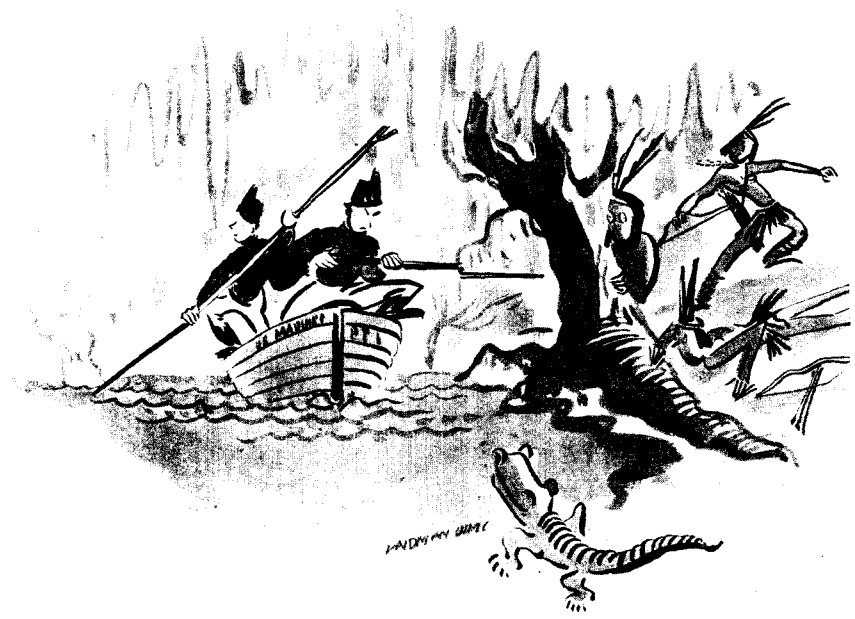
First Marine recruiting station was at Tun Tavern, Philadelphia, shortly after the creation of the Continental Marines in 1775.



First mosquito fleet was used in the Seminole Indian War of 1841 when Marines took part in fighting the savages in Florida Everglades.

tossed a grenade into the *Serapis*' powder magazine, blowing up the ship.

As early as the Revolution the Marines demonstrated their versatility. They cooperated with the Navy on landing operations. They fought on ships during sea duels. They helped the Army on land. They served as detachments aboard ship, as an expeditionary force for the fleet, as secondary gun crews, as protectors of American interests abroad, as guards of ships and naval establishments, and, when necessary, as land soldiers. Aboard ship their battle station was in the fighting tops, where they sought out and shot down enemy officers.

After the Revolution the young Republic disbanded its Navy, and with it the Marines. But this was no period to be without a sea arm, and when, in 1793, pirates off the Portuguese coast captured 11 American ships, Congress knew that action had to be taken. On March 27, 1794, the establishment of a permanent Navy was authorized, each ship to carry a Marine detachment.

In April, 1798, the Navy Department was formed, at the start of our two-year undeclared war with France, and the Marine Corps, as known today, was established by Congress on July 11, 1798. The act provided for a Corps to consist of one major, four captains, 16 first lieutenants, 12 second lieutenants, 48 sergeants, 48 corporals, 32 drums and fifes, and 720 privates, including Marines who had been enlisted. William M. Burrows, who had been an officer in the Revolution, was appointed major by President Adams; he established headquarters near Philadelphia and assembled a small staff.

A few years after the Corps was founded, African pirates began to act up in the Mediterranean and the pasha of Tripoli, a usurper, declared war on the U. S. William Eaton, an American, and Hamet, the pasha's brother, formed an expeditionary force whose purpose was to put Hamet in power. The force set out in March, 1805. It consisted of Lt. Presley N. O'Bannon and seven other Marines, 38 Greeks, 90 of Hamet's followers, a party of Arabian cavalrymen, footmen and camel drivers. This small force marched 600 miles across the desert. It was a hellish trip. There were desertions and mutinies among the natives, food ran short, a reinforcement of 100 Marines failed to materialize. Nevertheless, Lt. O'Bannon invested and took Derne with a boldness seldom equalled in history, and for the first time the American flag was hoisted over an Old World fortress. O'Bannon held Derne against Tripolitan troops until he was ordered to desert the town by the U. S. Government.

During the War of 1812 the Marines really hit their stride. They were on the *Constitution* when she beat the *Guerriere*. They were on the *Chesapeake* when she beat the *Shannon*. They were with the *United States* when she captured the frigate *Macedonian*. Marines were in on the victory on Lake Erie, and they were with Gen. Dearborn when he invaded Canada. Under Commodore Barney's command, they fought to the end at Bladensburg, and they crouched behind cotton breastworks with Jackson at New Orleans.

After the War of 1812, the Marines went all over the world. They saw action against the Seminole and Creek Indians in Florida. They fought against South Sea Islanders at Quallah Battoo, Sumatra and the Fijis. During the Mexican War that were on the Pacific Coast. They were present at the capture of Monterey and Yerba Buena (San Francisco). They assisted in the capture of Santa Cruz, and with Scott at Mexico City they joined in storming Chapultepec Heights and led the way to the Halls of Montezuma.

They have served in Formosa, Egypt, Cuba, China, the Philippines, Santo Domingo, Abyssinia, Panama, Nicaragua, Mexico and the Azores, and added to their glory in each assignment. They have almost—but not quite—lost track of the times they have been "first to fight."

In the first World War they helped break the back of the last great German offensive in 1918 at Belleau Wood, from which a counteroffensive touched off the victory march of the Allies. A great Marine story came out of that encounter. Sgt. Dan Daly, with enemy guns thundering at his trench, gave the order to advance and, when his men hesitated, shouted, "Come on, you Leathernecks, do you want to live forever?"

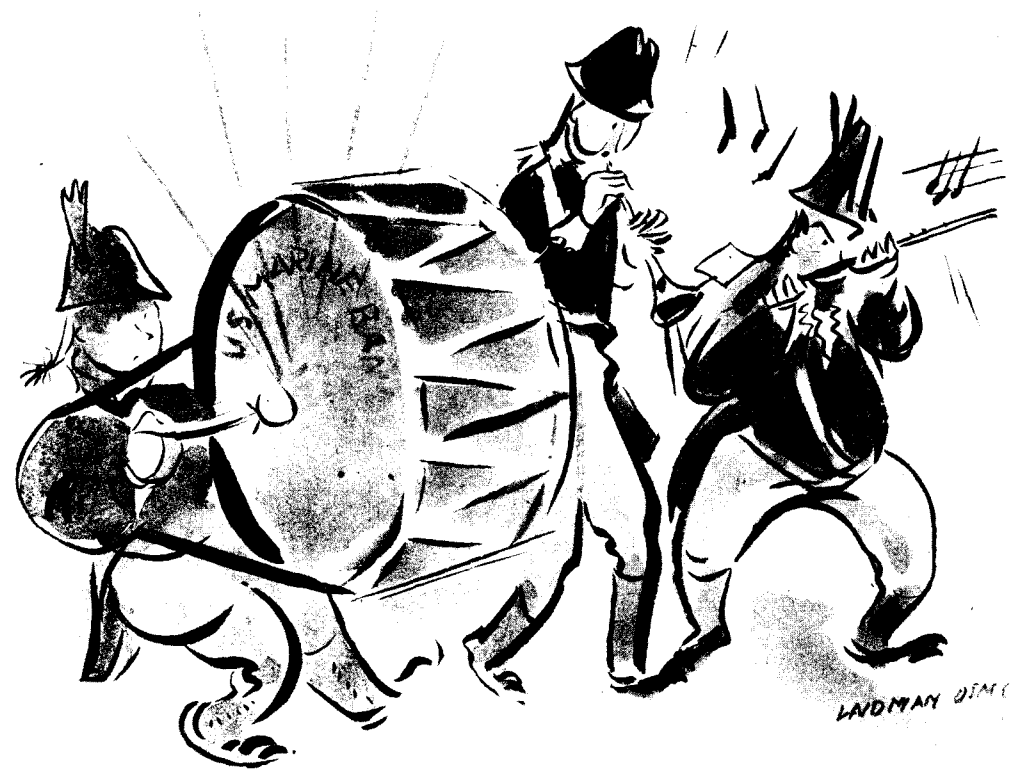
At Belleau Wood also was Pvt. Walter Cook, who picked off 21 Germans at 1,200 yards. In the first World War, 2,468 Marines received decorations for bravery, including 12 Congressional Medals of Honor.

Today's Marine knows the history of his organization by heart. He has heard of Capt. Lloyd W. Williams, who arrived to relieve a French outfit in France just as the order was given to retreat. "Retreat, hell," said he, "we just got here," and went forward to defeat the enemy.

He accepts as gospel, proved by many battles, the truth of a slogan attributed to Richard Harding Davis in Panama in 1885, "The Marines have landed and the situation is well in hand." He has heard his corps called "The fightin'est men on earth, and the neatest," and because this has been said, the Marine lives up to it. He remembers Capt. Gilbert D. Hatfield who, when called on to surrender, shouted, "A Marine never surrenders."

He accepts with pride, that his corps is called the "can opener for the Army," and with pardon-

**The drawings on these pages by the Leathernecks' artist Laidman are reprinted from Lt. Col. Clyde N. Metcalfe's "A History of the United States Marine Corps," published by Putnam.**



The Marine Band, organized in 1789, was the first military band in the U.S. and has been the official band of the President ever since.



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*A Marine commanded the first U.S. warship to visit Hawaii: 1814*

*Marines helped rout pirates at Barataria in 1814.*

able presumption he has appropriated Samuel Pepys' famous phrase of the British Marines, "Tell it to the Marines."

This pride of corps is what makes the Marine great. He believes himself to be the best fighting man in the world, and in battle it is up to him to prove it—which he does. Sometimes this pride becomes so overpowering that the Marine forgets anything exists except his corps.

In 1918 a woman wandered through a French hospital filled with wounded French and English soldiers. The ward was dark. She came upon a tall blond young man.

"Surely," she said, "you are an American."

"No ma'am," answered the wounded warrior, "I'm a Marine."

This spirit makes the Marine invincible in battle. With his tradition as the oldest and most hand-picked of the fighting services, he trains hard to prepare himself for the fight. He shoots straight. The Marine Corps has won 15 of the 31 national rifle matches and has never lost a title when its best shots were available for competition. He is every inch a soldier, and knows it.

And when the heat is on, he proves it.

In the Wake Island defense in this war, there is the example of Lt. Col. J. P. S. Devereaux. Hopelessly outnumbered, but pounding the Japs with unbelievable effectiveness to the end, Devereaux answered for his force when he was asked by headquarters if there was anything he needed. "Send us more Japs," he said. From Dec. 8 to Dec. 22 the Marines defended Wake, with no hope of relief, sank or damaged five enemy warships, slaughtered countless numbers of the Japanese. Their conduct, President Roosevelt said, "will not be forgotten so long as gallantry and heroism are respected and honored."

At Midway the Marines are characterized by Capt. Fleming and Maj. Henderson. The major, when his plane was shot down, used the last moment of his life to aim that plane directly at a Jap aircraft carrier and, in the words of an eyewitness, "flew it down the stack." Capt. Fleming, wounded twice in one day, went aloft again, dived to the decks of a carrier and sank it before crashing into the sea.

And there is the first U. S. offensive action of this war, in the Solomon Islands. Lt. Merillat reporting: "In two days of bitter fighting the Marines cleaned out the Japs on Gavatu . . . ran up the Stars and Stripes from the hilltop. The bugle blew colors and the Marines paused long enough to cheer the raising of our flag on Jap-held territory. The Rising Sun still floated over Tanambogo, half a mile away, but the Marines shot it down, leaving Old Glory as the sole flag flying at dusk over that once strong Japanese base."

The night of Lt. Merillat's communique, a Marine sergeant was celebrating the victory in far-off San Francisco, for it is tradition that Marines wherever stationed toast the victories of the Corps. This victory called for special toasts, and the sergeant rolled into the street, well oiled.

At a corner he encountered an Army captain and a Navy lieutenant commander, who drew him into conversation.

But it was a one-sided conversation, all Marine. The Army and Navy stood it as long as they could, and finally the captain interrupted.

"That's right," he said, "the Marines are wonderful soldiers. But don't forget that when they go into battle there are ten soldiers on one side of them and ten sailors on the other."

The Marine was having none of such nonsense. All the pride of Corps swelled up in him. He raised himself to his full six feet one and came to attention.

"Sir," he retorted, "that's the proper proportion."

*First Marine landing operation: Bahamas in 1776.*

*First U.S. troops to land in Japan were Marines.*

## In Next Week's YANK

### McTURK ON SALUTING

**The Staten Island hero returns to revolutionize the Army's theories about military courtesy.**

### NAVY CONVOY DUTY

**YANK sent a staff reporter to man a battle station on a Navy boat convoying troops overseas. He lived and worked with the Navy for seven weeks. Here is his story on how the Navy guards the Army at sea, written for the Army by an Army sergeant.**

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*"One of my buddies fell about a foot and a half from me, and there were fires everywhere."*

# The Astoria's Last Fight

**Three heavy U. S. cruisers—the *Quincy*, the *Vincennes* and the *Astoria*—and the Australian *Canberra* were sunk in the opening battle of the Solomons early in August. Elgin LeRoy Staples, a red-headed, 19-year-old signalman on the *Astoria* who was wounded three times by shrapnel, tells here his own story of his ship's last fight against the Japs.**

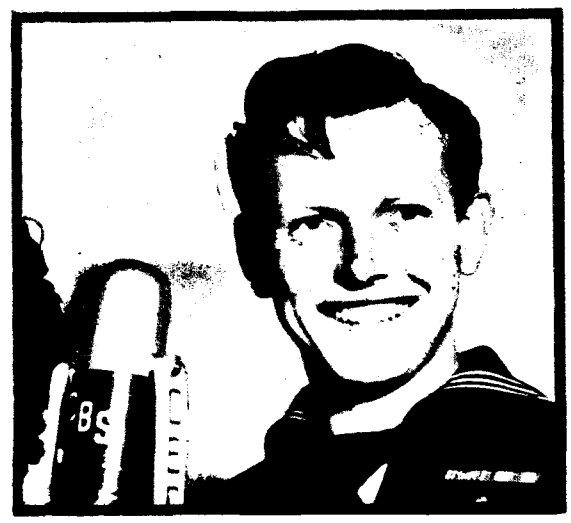
**By S1c ELGIN LeROY STAPLES**

I MADE myself a bed up on the signal bridge, spreading down a piece of canvas and some signal flags.

That was about 1 a.m. on Aug. 9. I was so tired I could hardly keep my eyes open. The last 43 hours had been tough.

We'd steamed up toward Guadalcanal about dawn on Aug. 7. Most of us had expected a welcoming committee of Japs, but there wasn't any. There wasn't a single one of them in sight.

First our ships, the *Quincy* and *Vincennes*, the Aussie cruiser *Canberra* and the others shelled the beach of Guadalcanal, setting fire to what looped like Jap storehouses on shore. Except for our fires all we could see were cocoanut palms and the white sand of the beach.



*S1c. Elgin LeRoy Staples.*

In the middle of the morning we let down the surf boats, and the Marines—lots of them singing their hymn—landed. It was pretty hot work, but no hotter than Akron in August.

All that afternoon we shot at Jap oil storages and landed supplies on the beach. We couldn't see any fighting, but we weren't worried. We knew the Marines.

Just as it was beginning to get dark the Japs sent over a few heavy bombers, but our planes took care of them. They didn't even come close to a hit as far as I could see.

During the night we patrolled the waters around Guadalcanal, and I didn't get much sleep. Next morning we just unloaded supplies—and waited. Not long after dark some enemy bombers and fighters came over. Before they even got close our planes shot down 13 of theirs, and, as they came over us, 25 more were downed. On the *Astoria* alone we put five out of commission.

And still they hadn't made a single hit of any importance.

My watch that night was from 8 to 12, and it was so quiet I could hear the birds on shore and the lapping of the waves. There wasn't a sign of the enemy anywhere.

About 12:30, after I'd made my report, I went down to my bunk. It'd been torn up by the activity that afternoon, so, as I said, I went up to the signal bridge and made myself a bed.

I must have been asleep about 45 minutes when I heard the bugle blowing. Then "All hands man your battle stations" came over the loudspeaker, and I could hear the roar of planes—ours and theirs.

I was just pulling up my pants when a shell landed near me. Nobody needed to say "on the double." It couldn't have taken me more than a minute to finish dressing, grab my lifebelt, my helmet and sling my gas mask over my shoulder.

By that time Jap cruisers and destroyers had turned their searchlights on us, and their planes were dropping flares and shooting shell stars at us. It was light enough to read a newspaper on deck, I guess. I didn't try. Just as I reached deck shrapnel hit me in both thighs and on the right leg. But I didn't even feel it.

One of my buddies fell about a foot and a half from me, and there were fires everywhere. One blaze was right near a big "ready box" filled with



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5-inch and 20-mm. ammunition. I grabbed the box and heaved it overboard.

Then I helped lower some of the injured into life rafts. By that time it was quieting down. These battles don't last long, but plenty happens while they're going on.

There were explosions all over the ship, and one of the big ones knocked me off my feet. I just rolled into the water. It was as easy as rolling off a log—but not quite so comfortable.

I paddled around while I was inflating my lifebelt. My legs and thighs were beginning to hurt a little where the shrapnel had hit.

I had been swimming around for about half an hour when a destroyer turned its searchlights on and seemed to start shooting at some of the guys in the water around me.

We thought it was the Japs, of course; and I shouted across at the fellows I knew. "Dirty s.o.bs.," I said, and everyone agreed. We talked a lot during the night. A couple of men even started singing.

It wasn't cold, but we knew there were sharks in the water. And we didn't know when the Japs would be back. About 6:30 in the morning a destroyer picked us up. It was the same one that had been shooting during the night—not at us, they explained, but at the sharks.

We didn't even have time to dry ourselves off before the officers asked for volunteers to return to the *Astoria*. She was still afloat, and we thought probably she could be salvaged. The *Quincy*, the *Vincennes*, and the *Canberra* had already gone down.

Back on the *Astoria* there were men in the holds, but the ship was sinking too fast to get them. We kept waiting for word to abandon, but we didn't hear it. Most of the men had already jumped when I dived off the end of the fantail. It couldn't have been more than a minute later when she sank.

Big tough guys who'd been in the Navy for years were swimming around in the water crying. She was a good ship. We'd been through Midway and the Battle of the Coral Sea with her. We'd seen the Japs on the run—and we knew they run fast when they're licked. They're tough, sure—but so are we.

I understand the Navy's replaced the *Astoria* in the Solomons. I want to go back. The Solomons will be just the first stop next trip. I've got a date with lots of my buddies in Tokyo.

# Allies Attack in Africa

**United Nations forces under Alexander and Montgomery start big offensive against Nazis in the desert**

COMMANDS were shouted in Greek, Polish, French and the Dutch patois of South Africa as Britain's 8th Army moved across the desert. The Anzacs yelled war whoops and a tank sergeant from Indianapolis, Ind., sang "Roll Out the Barrel."

The United Nations' offensive in North Africa began on 40 miles of mine-guarded sand from El Alamein to the Quattara depression on an order from Lt. Gen. B. L. Montgomery, commander of the 8th Army. The object of the drive, he declared, is to "destroy Rommel and his army".

This, of course, was not as Field Marshal Erwin Rommel had planned it. "I am the master of the offensive." Rommel was quoted as having told his lieutenants. "I will decide when and where the attack will take place."

### Drive Started to End Rommel's Mastery

Until late October of this year he was master. From April to November, 1941, after the British ended Italy's dream of African empire, Rommel pushed Gen. Wavell's Army of the Nile back to Egypt. Early in 1942 the Britisn struck back and drove Rommel out of Cyrenaica and halfway across Libya. Then the Afrika Korps retaliated, and the British were back at a point well inside Cyrenaica.

In June the Nazis pushed into Egypt and rolled straight forward 250 miles until they were finally stopped at El Alamein, only 70 miles west of Alexandria. There they remained until Gen. Montgomery and Gen. Sir Harold Alexander, new British commander-in-chief of the Middle East, reinforced their troops and equipment, and adopted a motto of their own: "Attack! Attack! Always Attack!"

Their offensive was only one of Marshal Rommel's worries. For weeks American and British bombers—including the four-motored B-24s that are causing so much damage in Nazi-occupied Europe—have been keeping the marshal from receiving many of his much-needed supplies. The British and Yank reconnaisance in the Mediterranean is so thorough that not a single convoy makes the crossing from Italy to Libya via Greece without being bombed.

### Heavy Toll Taken on Axis Shipping

Assembly ports for convoys in Greece have been attacked scores of times, and many Axis ships have been sunk before they had a chance to leave port. In mid-Mediterranean the convoys frequently are attacked again, and finally at Mersa Matruh, Tobruk, Derna and Benghazi, before they have a chance to unload supplies.

In addition the RAF is flying out from London, 750 miles across the channel and German-occupied Europe, to strike at Genoa, Italy's largest port and shipbuilding center, and Turin, automotive center and site of the Royal Italian arsenal, where supplies for Marshal Rommel are manufactured and shipped.

To combat Allied successes, the Axis sent scores of bombers over tiny Malta, the stubborn rock south of Sicily from which British torpedo planes and submarines raid enemy shipping. Since the war began, more than 1,000 German and Italian aircraft have been shot down in the Malta zone, and the British and Maltese simply dig in further and wait.

As if it were not enough that he is being attacked from the front by a ground force and his



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supplies are being sunk only a few miles from their destination, Marshal Rommel also hears rumblings from west Africa.

Vichy, France, was worried, too, and sent Admiral Jean Darlan, German-admiring commander-in-chief of France's armed forces, to Dakar to investigate.

Dakar, strategic junction of two of the heaviest traveled sea lanes in the world, one linking Europe with Latin America, the other connecting Europe with the Middle and Far East, is well fortified.

Fighting French sources in London report that the great French battleship *Richelieu* is in the harbor there, only slightly damaged from the disastrous British and Free French attack on Dakar in September, 1940. Three cruisers, three destroyers, numerous submarines—including, it is believed, several Nazi subs now active against British and American shipping in the South Atlantic—mine sweepers and hundreds of planes also are reported at the great Dakar base.

For weeks the Nazi radio has screamed that the United Nations are massing for a land and sea assault on Dakar. There has been no reply. Then, through Vichy, the Germans declared that U. S. troop contingents have arrived in seven African ports.

The only answer was an unpretentious dispatch from Reuters, British news agency, saying that Yanks had landed in Liberia, the tiny freedom-loving Negro republic some 600 miles southeast of Dakar.

Later, London quoted a Nazi-controlled Belgian newspaper as announcing that Rommel has transferred part of his Akrika Korps south, in the direction of Lake Chad and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Vichy alleged that a "very large" Allied force was concentrating north of Lake Chad, a point from which it could, Vichy asserted, strike into Libya.

Marshal Rommel's features darkened and his

*English infantrymen advance past a Nazi tank.*

always-rumpled uniform was more untidy than ever while he studied the map of Africa, Asia Minor and Southern Europe. On the one hand, his men had to meet the British 8th Army head-on in the El Alamein sector, with his supply lines and ports of entry constantly menaced by the British and Americans. On the other, ominous developments were occurring to the south and west.

Field Marshal Jan Christian Smuts, prime minister of South Africa and a veteran of three wars, spoke for Rommel's opponents in an address before the combined Houses of Parliament in London.

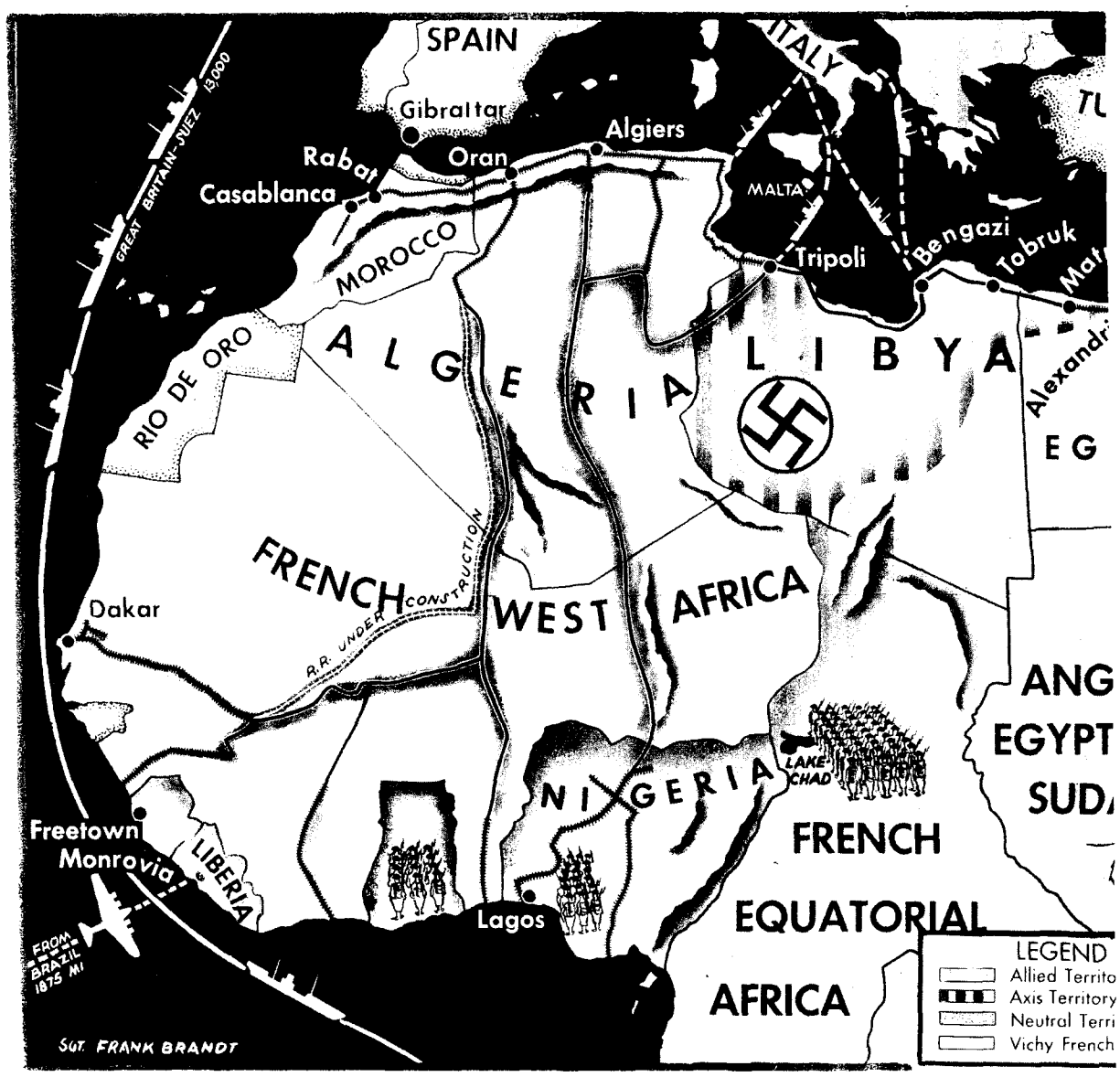
*Marshal Smuts*

"Once the time has come to take the offensive and strike while the iron is hot, it would be foolish to delay, to overprepare and perhaps miss our opportunity," Marshal Smuts declared. "Nor are we likely to do so. Of that I am satisfied."

The British cheered; the Nazis invented new rumors and prepared for an important drawn-out series of battles which, their radio asserted, in the coming few months may decide the destiny not only of Africa, the Mediterranean and the entire Middle East, but possibly of the war itself.

With North Africa and the Mediterranean in Allied hands, a European battle front would be a possible next step. France and Northwestern Europe are not the only second-front possibilities.

And already the continent of Europe is a seething maelstrom of sabotage, intrigue and death. Neutral Turkey daily leans nearer to the Allies;




France is in a virtual state of civil war, and Italy has been in such rebellion that German Gestapo Chief Himmler found it necessary to make a call on Benito Mussolini.

And everywhere people are whispering a riddle: "What is the largest city in the world?"

"Stalingrad. Hitler started through in the Summer, and he hasn't reached the outskirts yet."

## Gen. Alexander Has Been Around

GEN. Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander wears an old-school tie—but it is frequently a little grimy. Thirty times during the first World War he led his men over the top—as a major at 25, a lieutenant-colonel at 26.

After the Armistice of 1918, he went to Russia as commander of the Baltic Landwehr of the Lettish Army. Some of those under his command were Germans. At Dunkerque, Gen. Alexander was the last man to leave the death-strewn beach; and he knew retreat in Burma when, with almost no equipment, he held off the Japanese until the monsoons made it impossible for them to invade India.

Within 24 hours after Winston Churchill visited the Egyptian front in August, 50-year-old Gen. Alexander was announced as Britain's new commander-in-chief of the Middle East, succeeding Gen. Sir Claude J. E. Auchinleck.

At Gen. Alexander's side nowadays is aggressive, outspoken Lt. Gen. B. L. Montgomery, commander of Britain's 8th Army.

Gen. Montgomery gave the order to charge against Field Marshal Rommel's Afrika Korps at 10 p.m. Oct. 24, and from his desert headquarters he watched his men move forward into what could be the most significant offensive of the war.

*Montgomery*

*Alexander*

"There is no such word as defeat," Gen. Alexander once told his troops. "Defeat is for cowards," Lt. Gen. Montgomery added.

*Vice Admiral Halsey (left) and Admiral Nimitz.*

## Halsey Takes Solomons Command

IN his 41 years at sea Vice Admiral William F. Halsey Jr. has taken part in no battle more bitterly fought or with greater stakes than the struggle for the Solomons.

If he and his men—sailors, soldiers and Marines of the United Nations—succeed, the Nipponese may soon be on a one-way journey back to Tokyo. If the United Nations fail, Guadalcanal will be the base for a Japanese drive for control of the entire Pacific.

Named to replace Vice Admiral Robert L. Ghormley as commander of the allied forces in the entire South Pacific, Admiral Halsey took over as the Japs made their fifth unsuccessful assault on American-held positions in the Solomons.

The admiral was certain they would try again, for he knows the enemy. In January of this year he commanded a Navy task force which surprised Jap installations with devastating effect in the Gilbert and Marshall Islands. That success won for him the Distinguished Service Medal and official praise for his "brilliance and audaciousness."

Son of a sea-going captain, Admiral Halsey received the Navy Cross for "distinguished service" while in command of two destroyers operating from Cobh, Ireland, in the first World War. He became an aviator in 1934, at 52, and was later in charge of training aviation squadrons for the *Yorktown* and *Enterprise*.



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*IN HAWAII, these American infantrymen trudge Indian file along the Weikane trail during maneuvers that were held in the mountainous country.*

*IN NEW GUINEA, a couple of U. S. soldiers stage a boxing match for the benefit of a small but interested gathering. May be another Joe Louis here.*

# Yanks at Home and Abroad

**OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM LIFE IN INDIA TO A SUNDAY IN LONDON**

## The Girls Down In Australia Don't Slap Soldier Strangers

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA (By Cable)—A Yank who beats it into town looking for the same kind of a good time down here that he used to enjoy back in Kokomo, Brooklyn or Sioux City fortunately discovers that Australia is probably closer to the U.S. in customs and people than any other land overseas.

Take the girls, for instance. They're even friendlier down here than the average American girls. If you walk up to one of them and ask for a date, you won't get slapped. Pick-up dates are regarded as natural, not scandalous.

In looks and personality, the Australia miss holds her own with the girls back home. She loves dancing and is rapidly becoming an accomplished jitterbug. At one G.I. service club dance recently, 600 local girls were invited to entertain 800 soldiers. And 900 showed up. As you all know, that dance was a paradise compared with the small rations of girls at the typical Fort Bragg or Fort Riley social events.

The home-cooked food here is also like that in America. Steaks are the favorite Australian dish and the Aussies also go in heavily for triple-decker toasted sandwiches, hamburgers and frankfurters. Wartime rationing mars the menus to a certain extent, though.

Beer-drinking Yanks find the Australian brew strong and good but most of them are switching over to whiskey. Reason: whiskey in Australia seldom costs more than two bits.

There's no USO here, a fact that gripes the soldiers who can't understand why USO clubs are given to Yanks at home but not to Yanks abroad. But the War Department says the Red Cross is the only recreational organization that may fellow troops into combat zones.

The Red Cross is doing an increasingly swell job here in co-operation with Special Service officers. They have taken over two of Australia's swankiest hotels for Yanks on pass or furlough. One of them is reserved for soldiers returning from combat service and needing a good rest, the other for soldiers on authorized leaves, who arrange to stay there through their commanding officers.

A former Reno dude-ranch hostess runs dances, sports and recreation at both hotels for the Red Cross.

At this writing, the Red Cross and the Army are planning a big athletic club for men here, similar to the New York A.C. or the San Francisco Olympic Club. American soldiers will be able to get rooms there on leave, swim in the pool downstairs, work out in the gymnasium, eat in the dining salon and use the other millionaire facilities.

The most popular recreational centers for Yanks in Australia are two Red Cross Service Clubs and an American Center, because these places offer home-cooked American food, magazines, books and radios.

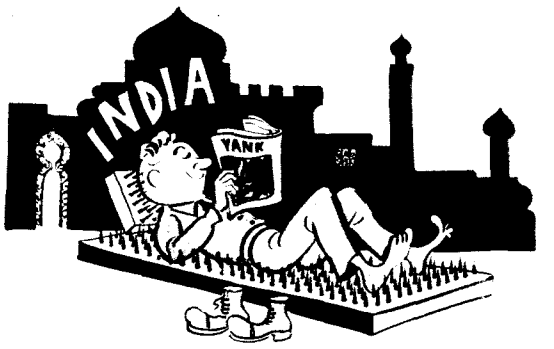
The American Center, founded soon after the first Yanks began to hit Australia, has pretty Aussie society girls working as waitresses on a voluntary basis at the short-order counter, dishing out ham and eggs and coffee American style, and it's so good that officers and nurses sneak in daily to grab a bite.

The Center also offers showers, shaving equipment and a room where you can get your pants pressed or buttons sewed on your blouse. The hostesses arange for free theater tickets, invitations to dinner in Australian homes, sleeping quarters, dances and what have you.

The Negro troops boast one of the best G.I. service clubs, the Booker T. Washington Center Building. It has Negro sleeping quarters, American swing records brought by sailors for nightly dances, and it presents acts from the local vaudeville houses.

The Negro Center used to house a Nazi organization but Special Services renovated the building, removed the old swastikas and put S/Sgt. Charles E. Wright of Harlem in charge. "We are making this the Cotton Club of Australia," he says, and it seems to be getting just as popular. The chef came directly from an Atlanta hotel and his Southern fried chicken is so good that colonels eat there regularly.

SGT. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK'S AUSTRALIAN BUREAU




## This G.I. Day Happened In India But It Follows Same General Pattern

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—Around the clock with an average G.I. in the land of Rudyard Kipling and the Bengal Lancers:

**600**: Lying as comfortably as anyone could on a rope-and-wood Indian bed, with everything but your big toe covered by that tattle-tale gray mattress cover, you are dreaming about Chicago. Ah, that whistle! Could that be Hank, the Ogden Avenue flatfoot, on his nightly beat? Well, that whistle happens to be parked in the lips of the C.Q., Cpl. Weaver, the cynic from Cincinnati, who gets a hell of a bang out of yelling "Daylight in the swamps" or "Grab your socks" in the middle of the night at 6 a.m. when you are having a peaceful dream about a Saturday night at the Trianon.

**605**: As soon as you rub the dust of India from your eyes and push up your mosquito bar, you realize that those oversized oriental cinch bugs (bed variety) have gone to town again on your arms and legs. Shaking the scorpions and lizards out of your 10-D G.I. shoes, you pull them on, grab your Pullman towel and head for the nearest latrine, 14 kilometers away, for the usual morning shave, shower and shine act. If you're lucky and the water is running (sometimes you carry it in buckets from the well), you may get one of the seven bowls and three mirrors. Not having time to watch the usual M/Sgt. Lewis-Pvt. Leffler shower feud, you dash back to the barracks, pick up your mess kit and head for the mess hall.

**630**: Going down the old assembly line, you pass the replica of scrambled eggs, grab a hunk of camel bacon, a hunk of Indian rye bread, an Indian orange and a cup of coffee. Everything from the Inflation Bill to the tire shortage is



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discussed at the table and, of course, Sgt. Parrish tells about the nights he used to have back in Plano, Ill. Reaching for the latest edition of your favorite Indian newspaper and dipping your mess gear into the boiling water at the same time, you wend your way back to the barracks whistling "Daddy," which was No 1 on the Hit Parade when you left the States.

**730:** Catching the truck just in time, you arrive at work, answering Sgt. Parrish's roll call. The captain and the major don't notice that you had a rendezvous with "Gandhi Brandy" or Indian 3.2 beer last night and your name is listed along with Pvts. Johnson, Cox, Plaster and Blocher to work on the night shift tomorrow.

**1130:** The squadron postmaster, S/Sgt. Rensl, brings in the latest mail from Mom in Chicago and that blonde Betty in Cicero, who's been writing you, or maybe a letter from Pvt. Jack Johnson back at Chanute Field who was just made master sergeant after only four months in the Army. You find a corner between four big boxes and finish all but the last few lines when the major comes through on inspection and you jump as though you were rushed with work.

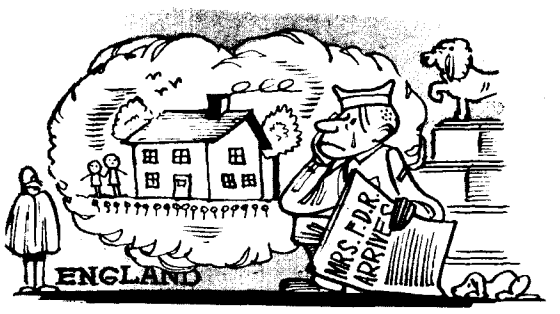
**1200:** Back on the trucks, you head for the barracks but travel slow because there are a couple of camel caravans and a donkey cart in the way, and the driver wants to wave to a couple of Anglo-Indian girls. Nevertheless you make the 69th place in the chow line. The usual noon meal consists of meat, potatoes, carrots of course, Indian bread, pudding, some fruit or peanuts, and always limeade to drink. You get a little bunk fatigue afterward and spend the time reading the latest YANK (an early August issue) or the CBI Roundup.

**1300:** Back at work.

**1730:** Through work, you write letters or visit Polish Sam's Cafe where he is featuring apple pie and ice cream. You listen to his four records—Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, "Chic-Chic-A-Boom-Chic," "Imagination" and "Stardust." Or maybe you spend some of the eight *annas* in your pocket on a movie you've seen in Chicago seven years ago.

**2130:** Back to the rope-and-wood bed under the stuffy mosquito bar again, dreaming more pleasant dreams about Chicago.

CPL. AL SAGER
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT




## Mrs. Roosevelt Adds Home Touch To The Army's Sunday In London

LONDON (By Cable) — It was 11 o'clock on a bright Sunday morning, a day to remind you a bit nostalgically of a quiet Sunday dinner at home and an afternoon with friends. It was a day to make a man homesick, if he wasn't careful. But in London, for a few hours, nobody was homesick.

Home and all it means was brought to a few hundred soldiers by a very gracious lady who somehow represented all those things. To those who saw her and to those with whom she talked, Eleanor Roosevelt meant home.

She dropped into the Washington Club, coming directly from Buckingham Palace, the home of royalty, to the Red Cross center where the enlisted man is king. And she arrived with none of the fanfare that usually surrounds the appearance of a celebrity. She came as an old friend, interested in every one of us.

She stood before a battery of newsreel cameras and faced the bright flare of Klieg lights, but these annoyances did not affect her interest in the average soldier. There was nothing staged, nothing phoney about that interest. To Sgt. Milburn Hence of Hutchinson, Minn., the first Yank to land in England, she said, "Oh, yes, I recognize you. We've all seen your photograph back home."

To Pvt. Arthur Filoia, who's lived most of his 22 years just four miles from the Roosevelt home at Hyde Park and who was a mechanic at Gibson, N. Y., she said, "I remember you. I saw your people in town just a few weeks ago."

She has the understanding that to mention a man's home brings home much closer. "How many of you are from New York?" she asked, and then, upon a show of hands, "Oh, what a lot!"

"I've met New York boys in the Army now from the West Coast to England. And how many of you are from Kansas?"

Mrs. Roosevelt left an indelible impression on M/Sgt. Vernon Day of Oakland, Calif. He was able to tell her about his year-old child and have her tell him in return that she knew Oakland well and that it has a wonderful climate in which to bring up a child.

She was very interested in talking with Pvt. Stanley Hamilton of the Canadian Army and formerly of Del Rio, Texas. Hamilton left home at 17, rode freight rods to Winnipeg, joined up, went out for the Commandos, and got three Nazi machine-gun slugs in his legs.

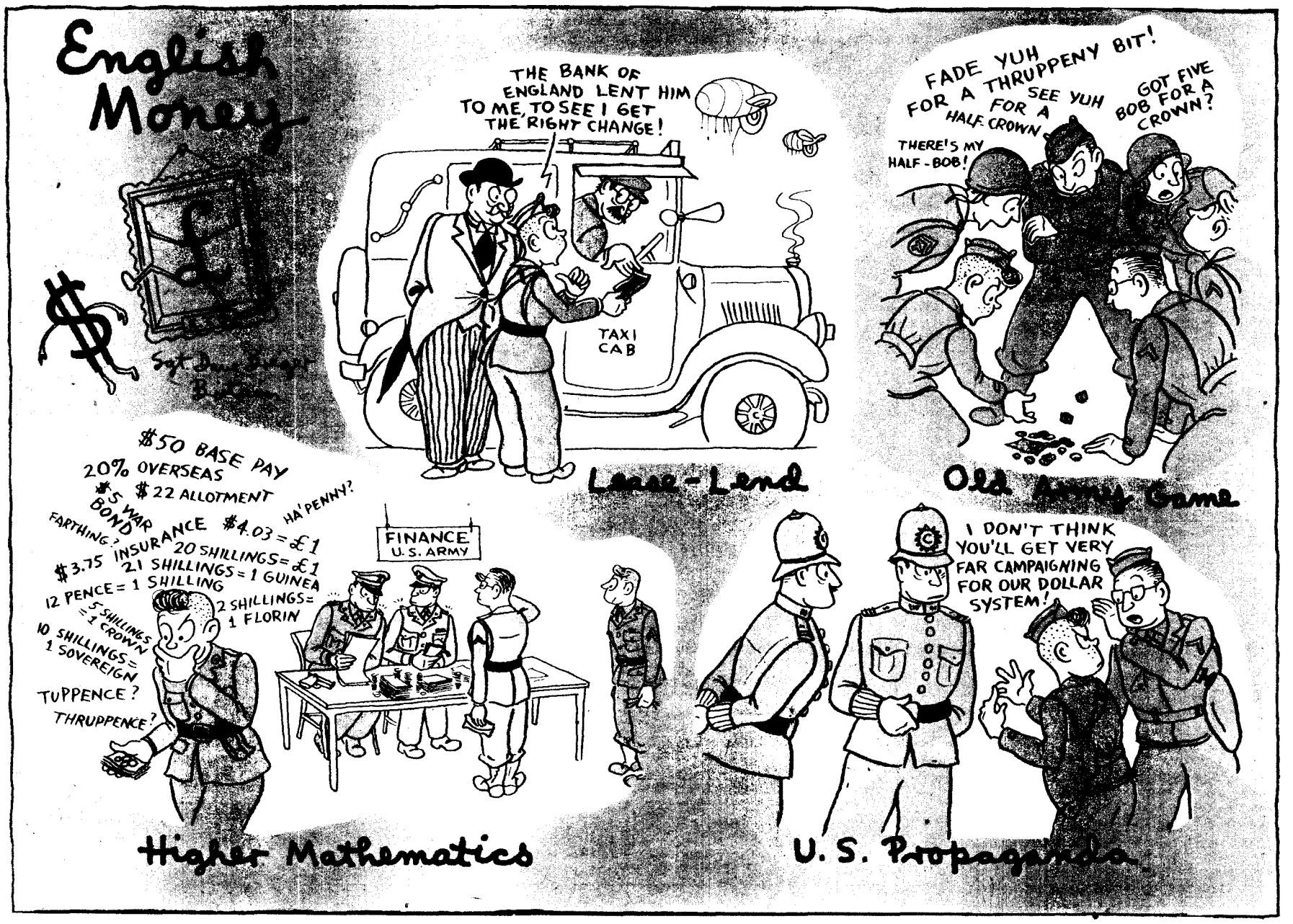
When a kid of 20 has had three slugs in his legs, he is tough enough to be entitled to think of home every once in a while without getting mushy.

Perhaps neither Pvt. Hamilton nor Sgt. Day ever thought much about Eleanor Roosevelt back home. But when a man's in foreign service a long way from his home and not too sure he'll ever see it again, he begins to think a little. He begins to feel proud when a great American woman takes his interest to heart.

SGT. BILL RICHARDSON
YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

## G.I. JOE

## By SGT. DAVE BREGER



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# NEWS FROM HOME

## Senate Delays Action On Dry Rider to Draft Bill

WASHINGTON — The possibility of prohibition has been shelved for the time being by a Senate vote of 49-25 to send Senator Josh Lee's amendment back to the Military Affairs Committee "for consideration, investigation and hearings."

The 25 senators who voted against returning the prohibition amendment to the committee were:

**Democrats**—Andrews, Fla.; Bilbo, Miss.; Byrd, Va.; Caraway, Ark.; Chavez, New Mex.; Connally, Tex.; Doxey, Miss.; George, Ga.; Gillette, Iowa; Kilgore, W. Va.; Lee, Okla.; Maybank, S. C.; O'Daniel, Tex.; Rosier, W. Va.; Russell, Ga.; Smith, S. C.; Thomas, Okla.

**Republicans**—Aiken, Vt.; Butler, Nebr.; Capper, Kans.; Langer, N. Dak.; Nye, N. Dak.; Thomas, Idaho; Tobey, N. H.

**Independent**—Norris, Nebr.

Senator Lee's rider to the bill to draft 18- and 19-year-olds would have prohibited sale of beer and liquor in or adjacent to Army camps and other naval and military establishments. Its opponents charged it would mean virtual nationwide prohibition.

Secretary of War Stimson, Secretary of Navy Knox and other high ranking military officials opposed the rider on the ground that the liquor situation in the U.S. is "well in hand."

Meantime, the Senate approved passage of the 18- and 19-year-old draft bill, but with the provision that no inductee under 20 years of age be sent to combat duty without a full year of training.

President Roosevelt and Army chief of staff, Gen. Marshall, spoke out against the training provision. Some types of soldiers, Gen Marshall said, require more than a year's training in the specialists' branches, while others are equipped for battle in a few months.

Observers here believe that the year-training requirement will be dropped by the conference committee of both houses which will wipe out differences between the House and Senate bills. The conference committee probably will not meet until after the elections, however. Too many Congressmen are out of Washington fighting for re-election in their home districts.

Meantime, the conference committee sent a 15-billion dollar appropriation bill to the White House for signature. Most of the gigantic wartime allotment will go to the Navy.

## Man Shortage? This Girl Runs Farm All by Herself

VANCOUVER, WASH.—If there were a few more like Miss Pat Altree, Washington farmers wouldn't be worried about the manpower shortage.

Pat is 17, blonde, slender and, the farmers thing, pretty. She carries a full scholastic load at La Center High School, keeps up with her 4-H Club work, and runs a 70-acre farm —alone.

She rolls out at dawn daily, milks 20 cows, feeds 14 calves and heifers, and catches a bus for school. In the evening Pat takes care of the chores again, and between times, plows, seeds and cultivates 55 tillable acres on the farm. Then, just to make sure she isn't wasting any time, she sells tractors on the side.

### War a Family Affair

**Gering, Nebr.—Dewey Long's five sons used to take over his mail route when he needed a rest, but now the route has left the family.**

**The elder Mr. Long has been drafted. His 18-year-old twin sons, Jack and Gordon, and Elliott, 22, are in the Army. Harry, 24, is a sailor, and Tommy, 21, is a Coast Guardsman.**

*Senators Lee (left) and Barkley after Senate voted to refer Lee's draft-bill prohibition amendment to committee for hearings.*

## Skimming the Week at Home

Rubber Director William Jeffers told the press that chemists will develop "within five or six months" a 100 per cent synthetic tire good for all but military and heavy-truck duty. . . . In Baltimore, Md., initial experiments with tubeless automobile tires proved successful. . . . The Navy disclosed that a cruiser now under construction will be named the U.S.S. *Canberra* for the Australian cruiser sunk in the Solomons.

One of the worst forest fires in California history drove from their homes scores of film stars and others living in the vicinity of the Santa Monica mountains. . . . Less than a week after his arrest on a charge of attacking a 17-year-old girl, film star Errol Flynn was accused of assaulting the 15-year-old daughter of a hotel chef. . . . Mary Pickford was in a Hollywood hospital for an operation. . . . Johnny (Tarzan) Weismuller was accused of drunken driving.

Twenty-four former leaders of the German-American Bund were sentenced in New York to five-year prison terms for conspiracy to violate the Selective Service Act. . . . Nine members of the Los Angeles (Calif.) Friends of Progress organization face prison terms and fines for failing to register with the State Department as members of a subversive group advocating violent overthrow of the Government.

Mrs. Paul V. Galvin, of Evanston, Ill., and her maid, Edna Sibiliski, were found murdered in their home after the theft of $25,000 in jewelry. . . . A widespread black market in coffee was discovered in Boston, Mass. . . . Ceiling prices on nylon hosiery went into effect. . . . The automobile industry in Detroit revealed that it had reached the halfway mark in its war production program and is grinding out armament at the rate of 17 million dollars' worth daily.

President Roosevelt endorsed Senator George W. Norris in his campaign for reelection in Nebraska. The Chief Executive also reiterated his backing of Attorney General John J. Bennett, Democratic nominee for governor of New York. . . . Registration for the November election was low throughout the country, and observers predicted one of the dullest election days in years.

New York's first woman mail carrier went to work. Women took over the guarding of the U.S. Quartermasters Depot and Navy Yard in Philadelphia. A descendant of one of the famous "feudin'" families of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, Amy Hatfield, 18, became Philadelphia's first woman milk-route driver. . . . Police Chief Blaine of Tulsa, Okla., announced that loafers in pool halls and beer parlors must work, fight or go to jail.

*Amy Hatfield*

## Death in Hollywood Ends Long Career of May Robson

HOLLYWOOD — Muzzy died in her sleep just as she had wished.

*May Robson*

Known to Hollywood and the stage as 77-year-old May Robson, Muzzy's real name was Mary Brown, and her death certificate gave her age as 84 years.

Miss Robson had been a ranking stage and screen favorite for 59 years, and had not revealed even to friends when she retired over a year ago that she was nearly blind from cataracts on both eyes.

The actress' ashes were temporarily placed in a vault adjoining that of her long-time friend, Marie Dressler.

## Nazi Saboteurs to Testify As Six Face Treason Trial

CHICAGO—The biggest treason trial in U.S. history is underway here, with two convicted Nazi saboteurs as the star witnesses.

The defendants are three Chicago couples. They are relatives and friends of Herbert Hans Haupt who died in the electric chair Aug. 8 with five others for joining a Nazi-inspired sabotage plot against this country. All six defendants are German-born naturalized citizens.

More than 140 witnesses will be called to testify against them, including Haupt's former fiance, Mrs. Gerda Melind, widowed manicurist, and George John Dash and Ernest Burger, two of the eight saboteurs who landed on the Florida and Long Island coasts from Nazi submarines in June.

Previously, only one man has been convicted of treason to the U.S. since the famous Pennsylvania whiskey rebellion of 1791. He is Max Stephan of Detroit, sentenced to hang Nov. 13.

## Planes Search Pacific For Eddie Rickenbacker

*Capt. Rickenbacker*

WASHINGTON — Army and Navy planes last week flew low over Pacific waters, and thousands of friends of Capt. E. V. (Eddie) Rickenbacker waited hopefully.

Capt. Rickenbacker was missing somewhere in the Pacific along with seven Army airmen. Officials said there was little chance of their being found.

Last heard from the group was a radio message that their plane had only one hour's supply of gasoline for completion of the flight between the island of Oahu, Hawaii, and another Pacific island.

Rickenbacker had just returned from the European theater of war as a confidential adviser to Secretary of War Stimson. He was making a similar survey of the Pacific.

The 52-year-old airman in 1918 shot down more German planes than any other American aviator. Only last year Rickenbacker narrowly escaped death in the crash of a plane of the Eastern Airlines, of which he was president.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

**If you're a YANK subscriber, but have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Newspaper, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.**

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ A.S.N. _____

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## MAIN STREET

***Omaha, Nebr.***—This city's new air-raid siren sounds off so powerfully that people nearby "feel as though they have been kicked in the stomach by a mule." Explained hefty Forrest Croxson, chief air-raid warden, who gets as close as possible: "I'm trying to reduce."

***Townshend, Vt.***—To celebrate her 86th birthday, Mrs. Sarah Thayer climbed to the top of Bald Mountain.

***Columbus, Ga.*** — Ernest Pershing Raspberry petitioned the Muscogee Superior Court to change his surname to "Berry," complaining that when he is introduced socially he "is instantly loked upon in the spirit of puns, jibes, jokes and jests."

***Chicago, Ill.***—Postal Telegraph advertised for messengers with horses.

***Tulsa, Okla.***—M. P. Harrison, 85, whose sight was restored by surgery after a 10-year blank, asked: "What in tarnation are all the women wearing men's pants for?"

***Nashua, N. H.***—In 1933 the Nashua Flying Club sent a racing pigeon to the Chicago World's Fair. It recently returned, bearing a leg mark indicating it had reached the fair safely.

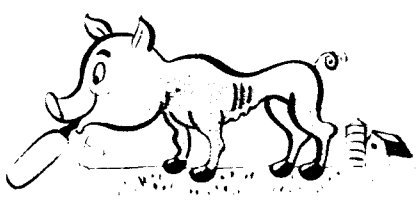
***Salt Lake City, Utah***—Prof. Joseph F. Smith, third son of the late apostle Hyman M. Smith, has been appointed patriarch to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Head of the speech department at Utah University, he is the great-great-grandson of the Joseph Smith who was the first patriarch of the church.

***Burns City, Ind.*** — AFL building workers, employed at a Navy installation near here, worked without pay on their days off, erected 10 buildings free and presented them to the Navy. Saving in labor costs: $308,200.

***Edgartown, Mass.***—A bass weighing 37 pounds was caught by a fisherman off the Anthiers Bridge.

***Belleville, Ill.***—For the traditional tribal marriage ceremony of Tommy Johns to Katy Miller, 300 Gypsies gathered around campfires in what was probably the last big Gypsy encampment for the duration. Gypsies are no longer wandering: many are in the armed services, others have jobs in war plants.

***Gering, Nebr.*** — Twenty-six days after his prize 350-pound sow disappeared, farmer A. E. Brasee found her in a five-foot-deep washout in a remote part of his farm. She had dwindled to 75 pounds but was able to walk back to the barnyard after Brasee fed her a quart of milk.



***Fargo, N. D.***—Local girls have organized the BOS'Ns — Beauty Organized to Serve the Navy, by supplying entertainment, serving as guides, writing letters.

**COAST GUARDSMEN, SAVE MY KID! When a great brush fire swept through the valleys and hills around Los Angeles, scores of houses were destroyed and hundreds of residents had to flee. Young Nancy Speights wouldn't go without her pets, so Coast Guardsmen Mark Walker and Hans Von-heim gave her a hand.**

***Eddyville, Ky.***—Sidney Scott had his auto towed to a garage when he couldn't start it. Mechanics discovered that squirrels had filled the car's innards with hickory nuts.

***Reidsville, Ga.***—Buster Shaw, Negro slayer of a family of four, got a ten-day respite from execution in the electric chair because the executioner had been drafted.

***Salisbury, Md.***—In trying to corner a rat in his store, A. J. Taylor knocked over an oil drum; it fell on a box of matches which ignited and in turn set fire to the oil. Damages to the store: $1,000. The rat escaped.

***Pittsburgh, Pa.***—While testing road oil for the city, Jacob Pahler blew so hard to extinguish a fire in a testing cup that his false teeth flew into the blazing oil cup and were destroyed. The city law department ruled that city council is under a "moral obligation" to appropriate $25 so Pahler may purchase a new set of teeth.

***Atlanta, Ga.***—Person... ad in the Atlanta *Constitution:* "Will give business lady room in my home for her companionship at night. MA 0130 RA 4407."

***Leaksville, N. C.***—A registrant at Local Board No. 2 stated in his questionnaire that he is a "conscientious objector to war" but—in large print—has no objection to killing Japs or Germans.

***Chicago, Ill.***—Caught speeding 60 miles an hour on the Outer Drive, Gottlieb Oexman, hearse driver, came up with the excuse that he had to put a corpse on a train. Police escorted Oexman to the station, found that the train wasn't due to leave for an hour, fined him $50.

***Idaho Falls, Idaho***—A new Yellowstone National Park geyser broke through the paved highway between Norris and Madison junctions and held up traffic until maintenance crews could construct a detour around it. Since it is too large to be diverted, highway officials plan to bridge over it and let it drain into the Madison River.

***Shiremanstown, Pa.*** — Mrs. Adam Shell has a vine with 37 pumpkins on it, weighing from 5 to 15 pounds. Total weight: 323 pounds.

***Ringwood, N. J.***—After a 12-year shutdown, the famous old iron mines here are being reopened. First worked in 1738 and a source of iron for Washington's Army, they are expected to yield several hundred thousand tons of ore.

***Charlotte, N. C.***—Sitting on a criminal court jury, a lumberman entered the box with $50 in cash and $257.81 in checks. When he went to the bank to make a deposit during the noon recess, he found his pocket had been picked.

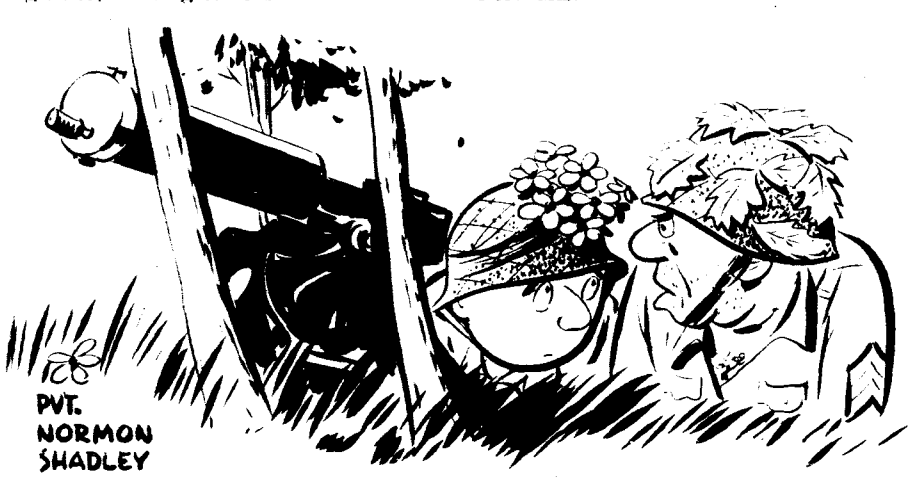
***Knoxville, Tenn.*** — After striking more than a hundred times at 2 in the morning, the courthouse clock stopped running.

***Norfolk, Va.***—Indignant waitresses went on strike when a restaurant advertised that it needed additional "homely" girls. A fast-thinking manager mollified them by explaining the word should have been "comely."

***Philadelphia, Pa.***—Held on a charge of embezzling $6,000 from the Corn Exchange National Bank, where he managed the coin department, 36-year-old William Rulon Marnie, former baseball and basketball star at Drexel Institute, explained: "I bet on too many horses that ran third."

***New York***—William Patrick Hitler, British-born nephew of Adolf, was rejected for military service.

***Detroit, Mich.***—Sign on a 1929 automobile parked at a curb: "Do not collect this scrap—I still drive it."




*"And just who the hell are you supposed to be—Lily Dash-ay?"*

## COMPANY STREET

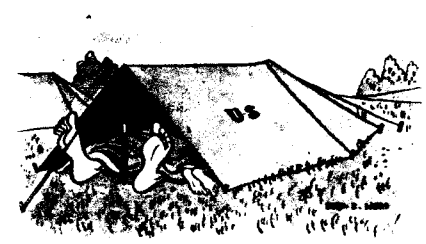
Basic trainees beat the softball pitching of Cpl. Steve Peek of **Fort Niagara,** N. Y., the other day. Before Uncle Sam tapped him, Cpl. Peek was owned as a pitcher by the New York Yankees—so he got $500 as his share of this year's World Series dough. . . . Quote-of-the-week: An interviewer asked Sgt. Gene Autry if he has to act tough and mean. He answered: "No, no. Folks have an idea a sergeant is ornery. They're wrong — sergeants are really good fellows." . . . Chaplain Earl C. Sensor was showing some friends around **Fort Moultrie,** S. C., when he was stopped by an MP. Chaplain Sensor tried to identify the party by saying "post officer and guests," but what came out was "ghost officer and pests."

The postmaster at **McChord Field,** Wash., has a letter addressed like this: "To the good-looking sergeant who was riding on the Great Northern Railroad eastbound to Minneapolis on Sept. 27, McChord Field, Wash. If undelivered, return to Sally, Grand Rapids, Mich." . . . Taking a pretended cross-country hop in a Link Trainer, an aviation cadet at **Foster Field,** Texas, spun in at 2,000 feet. Even though the instruments recorded the crash, the cadet wasn't washed out. A hurricane had disabled the Foster Field power plant.

Pvt. Phillip Rathbun of **Fort Devens,** Mass., got a 10-day furlough when he told his captain that his wife was going to have twins. Only one baby put in an appearance, so now the captain limits furloughs for expectant fathers to five days. . . . At **Bolling Field,** D. C., a private's wife had to wait six hours until he was through walking guard. The private was Gilbert Roland and the wife—Constance Bennett.

Pvt. Henry Niwinski of **Jefferson Barracks,** Mo., has the Army serial number 33,333,333. Only two other men in the Army can have eight-digit serial numbers in which all numbers are the same — 11,111,111 and 22,222,222. . . . Writing home, Pvt. Walter W. Podpora of **Sheppard Field,** Texas, casually mentioned that a China Clipper had gotten him down. A wire for more details from his anxious family forced him to explain by phone that a China Clipper is a mechanical dishwasher.

**Camp Edwards,** Mass., has a Plymouth Rock rooster which sounds reveille—at 3 a.m. . . . A **Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.,** soldier met a girl in the Missouri Capitol building, then lost her. This was the description he advertised in the Jefferson City *Post-Tribune:* "A very sweet little girl.



Brown hair and eyes. The girl I have been looking for all my life."

Pvt. Lawrence Williams is stranded temporarily at **Fort Benjamin Harrison,** Ind., until a pair of size 14½ Army shoes are found for him. He's perfectly willing to wait, however; his bride of two weeks has joined him for a second honeymoon at Indianapolis.

Follow the Leader Dept., G.I. Div.. A platoon of rookies ran the obstacle course at **Camp Wolters,** Texas. When the leading soldier slipped off a swing rope and fell, full field pack and all, into a mudhole just under the obstacle, the remainder of the platoon, thinking that the correct technique had just been demonstrated, to a man dropped off the rope into the oozy swamp hole.



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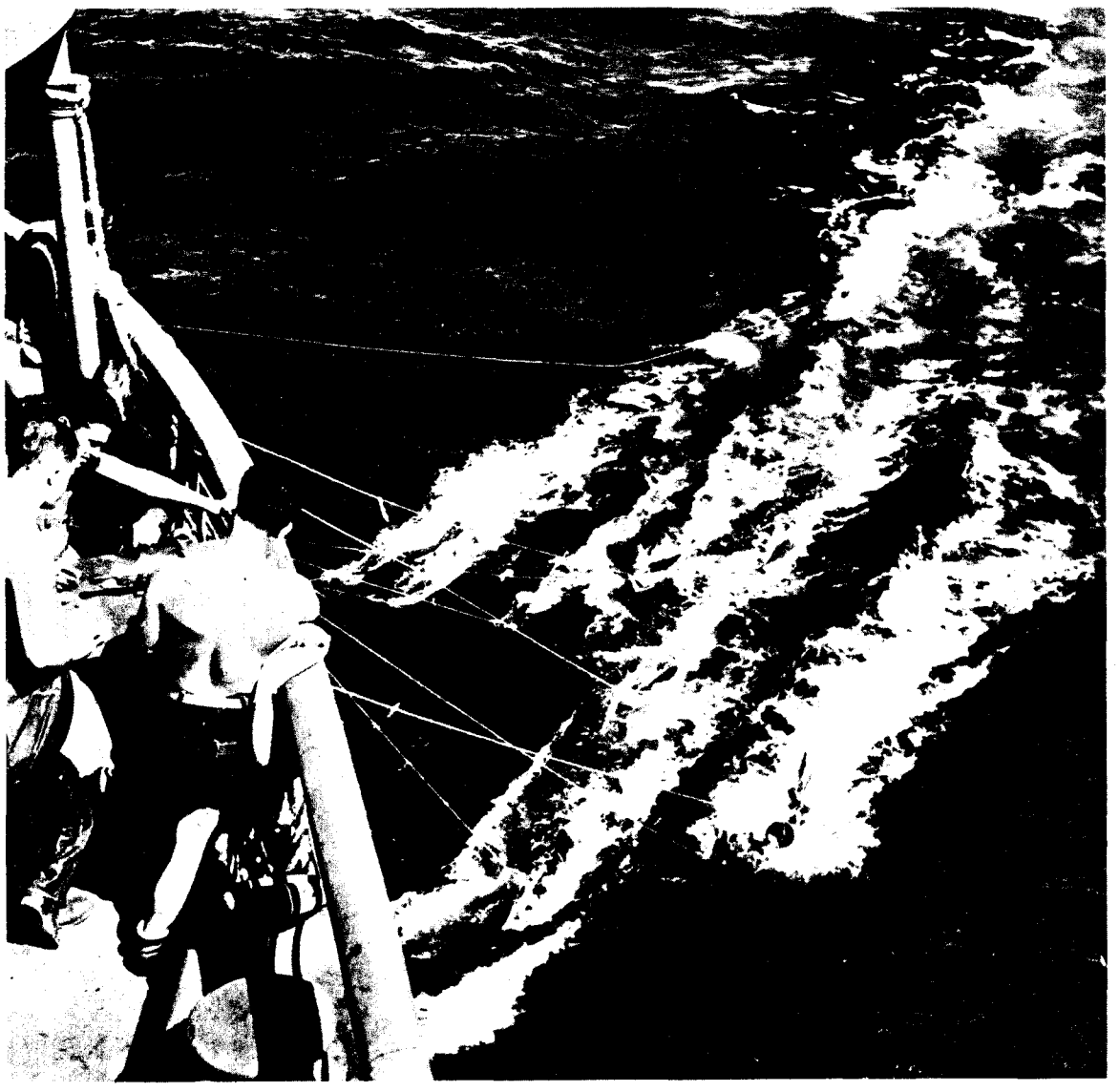
**STAR MECHANIC.** Sheila Ryan, Hollywood starlet, has enrolled in a school for motor mechanics. She looks better on that tractor than in a feature picture.

**G.I. NEWSBOY.** Pvt. John Cox lets out a blast on his bugle to announce the arrival of YANK and ROUNDUP, somewhere in India. The soldier papers have a lot of places to get to in this war, and plenty of readers.



**FISHERMEN?** No, they're not looking for a fish stew for chow, they're washing clothes. This is how these American troops, bound for India, do their laundry. They tie their wash in a bundle and let it drag astern.

**ARMY COMPOSER.** Josephine Houston, singer, has written a song called "Drummer Boy," dedicated to the Army Ground Forces.



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**CHECKING UP.** In front of his shelter on Guadalcanal, a U.S. Marine cleans his rifle for the next round, and rests his tired feet. It takes foot as well as fire power to win a war.

**CLEANING UP** They can't afford to drop their guns on Guadalcanal, even in the barber shop. Pvt. Joseph W. Almo, of Atlantic City, N. J., clips off some brush for Pvt. Sam Sciangulid.

**MARCHING THROUGH.** Tired, and wet from constant rain, these Marines march on the ruins of a native village, which they took after a close-up fight with the Japs.



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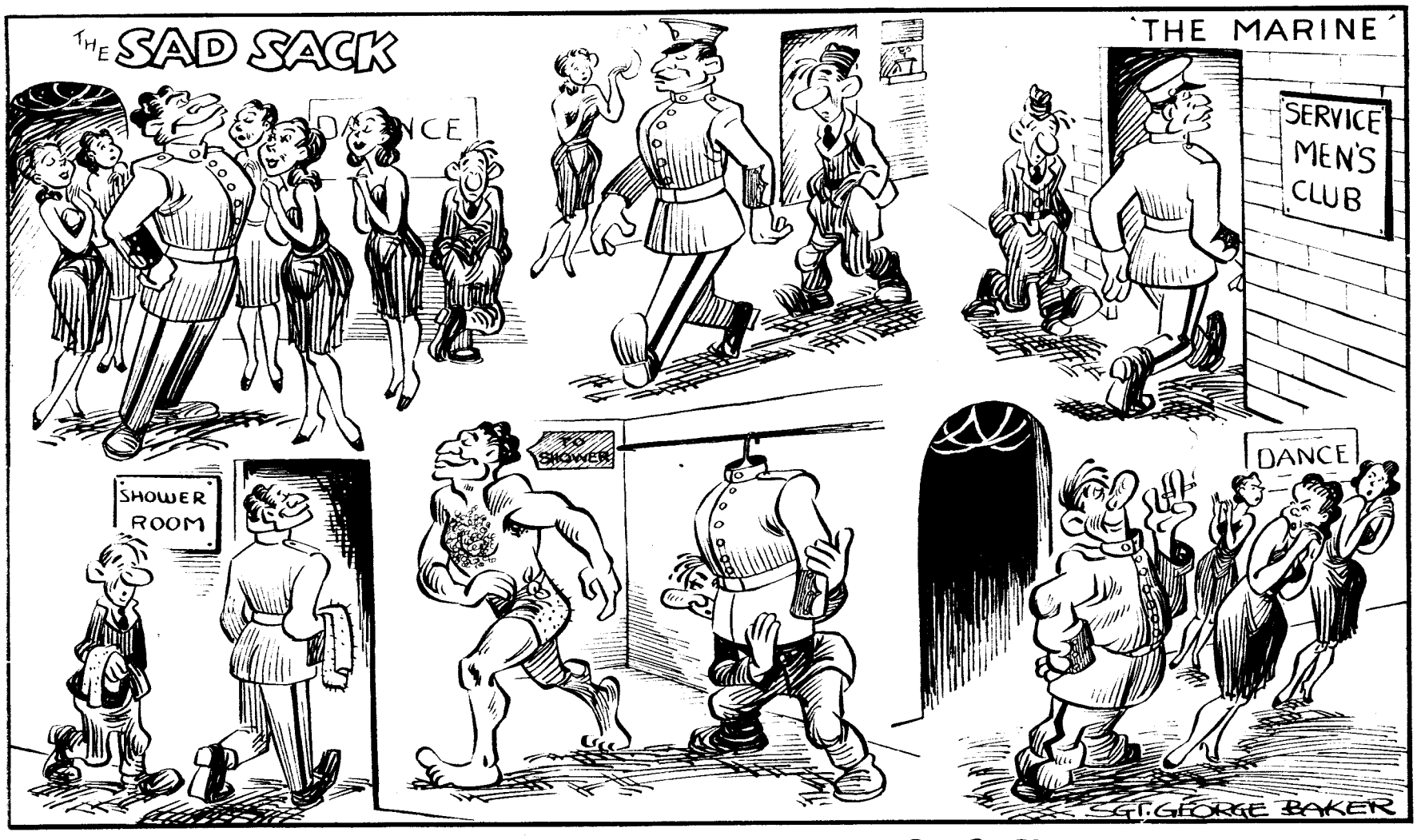


# BETWEEN the LINES

*The commander of a training battery in the Fort Bragg Field Artillery Replacement Training Center made a surprise inspection of his supply sergeant's cadre room during his routine barracks inspection the other day. Here is the account that the supply sergeant wrote home to his mother:*

Dear Mom:

Did the battery commander pull a fast one on me today! He inspected my room in the barracks, and was far from satisfied with the results. He called me from the supply room and when I came in, he was pulling at the blankets, wool, olive drab, M1934, of my cot, steel, folding.

"Sgt. Perkins," he said, "there are a lot of things wrong with your room. Your pillowcase, cotton, bleached, is dirty, and so is the pillow, feather. The cover, mattress, cotton, is ripped and the mattress, cotton, has a cigarette burn. I have no complaint against the sheets, cotton, but your comforter, cotton, isn't rolled properly."

"I'm sorry, sir," I said, twisting at my hat, herringbone twill, and buttoning the top button of my jacket, herringbone twill. (Gee, Mom, I was worried!)

While pushing my shoes, service, composition soles, into line under my locker, trunk, metal, I was hoping and praying he hadn't seen my torn undershirt, cotton, summer, sleeveless, or noticed my mask, gas, service, hanging improperly. I knew there wasn't much chance that he would look in my haversack, M1928, which hung on the end of my cot, steel, folding, with my bag, barracks, and contained my tent, shelter half, 1, with pins; pole, tent, shelter; canteen, M1910; and cup, M1910.

"Your locker, wall, was open; so I glanced in it," the captain said. "It wasn't so bad. The buttons on your overcoat, wool, melton, olive drab, roll collar, M1939, and the insignia, enlisted men's, M1937, on your blouse, wool, olive drab, serge, 18-ounce, M1939, are very shiny. I only hope your can, meat, M1932; knife, M1926; fork, M1926; and spoon, M1926, are in as good condition."

Luckily they were, but, right at that moment, the buckle of my belt, web, waist, M1937, 1¼-inch, seemed very tarnished, although it was probably as shiny as the barrel of my rifle, Springfield, M1903, used to be when I was a new recruit.

I'm sure everything would have been all right if he had looked in the bottom of my locker, trunk, metal, and had seen the neat piles of drawers, cotton, shorts; drawers, wool, 50 per cent cotton, 50 per cent wool; and undershirts, wool, 50 per cent cotton, 50 per cent wool. Even my trousers, herringbone twill, were neatly folded and placed in there.

But he only looked in the top of the locker, trunk, metal. Neckties, cotton, olive-drab; neckties, silk, black; socks, cotton, tan; and socks, wool, light, were rather badly mixed. Only the handkerchiefs, cotton, white, were stacked well.

"Try reading your Handbook, soldier's, basic field manual FM 21-100, once in a while," the battery commander said.

"Yes, sir," I said, hiding my face, red.

Your son, Isaiah

SGT. DONALD BISHOP

FORT BRAGG, N. C.

*"They say they don't need any parachutes—they're Marines!"*

*"It's nothing, sir. They're just from the local USO."*



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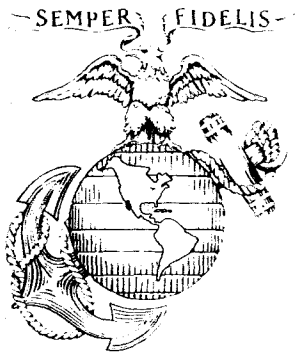
YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL 1 NO 21
NOV. 4, 1942
By the men . . for the men in the service




### Devil Dog Dialect

NOTHING is too good for a Marine, and even their slang shows it. When a Marine lands in the brig he doesn't get bread and water; he gets "cake and wine." Instead of enlisting, he signs up for a "cruise." They don't even call a young Marine a yardbird, but a fancy "chicken."

Other Leatherneck shortcuts to the English language are "armored heifer" for canned milk, "red lead" for ketchup, "fish-eyes" for tapioca, and the familiar SOS for you-know-what. While dining, the Marines never ask to have anything passed, but use the word "down," like in "Down the meat, Mac." Every Marine is Mac to every other Marine.

Leathernecks always talk as if they were on ship, even if they're up in the air. The floor is the "deck" and a wall is a "bulkhead." Marines never go downstairs; they go "below." When they go upstairs, it's "topside." Anything not G.I. is "tailor made." And they even have a name for a whatsis. They call it a "gizmo."

### Hero

It takes more than a uniform to make a Marine, and Sgt. Thomas E. Hailey is the lad who can prove it. Sgt. Hailey was on the U.S.S. *Oklahoma* when Jap bombs sunk it at Pearl Harbor. The concussion ripped his uniform to shreds, so the sergeant tore the shreds off, jumped into the drink clad in his G.I. undies and swam over to the U.S.S. *Maryland*, where he worked hard and long helping rescue other men from the *Oklahoma*. This little chore finished, Hailey took hold of an AA gun, with which he was thoroughly unfamiliar, and knocked off a few Jap planes. When there were no longer any Japs within range, Hailey left the *Maryland* and proceeded to the Naval Air Station. On the way he picked up a rifle, but no further clothes. He volunteered at the air station to go up in a plane to scour the area for Japs. Naked as he was, the Marine in Hailey shone through, and they let him go up. So for five hours, armed only with a rifle and clad only in a suit of underwear, Sgt. Hailey remained aloft in the Jap-filled sky. When he finally came down, they gave him the Navy Cross.

### Marine Personality

Lt. Robert Rhodes is a particular example of the way a Marine can impress people. Some time ago the lieutenant was stranded on an island near Haiti. The native population was frankly suspicious of him and mildly hostile. At the crucial moment a rescue plane flew overhead. Out of it, accidently, dropped a juicy custard pie, conking Lt. Rhodes neatly on the noggin. The natives were so awed they immediately made him king of the island. As the old king explained afterward, anyone who could bring food direct from heaven deserved to be king.

### The Pick

The Marines have always picked the elite of the civilian world for their ranks. John Adams, second president of the U. S., once fought with the Marines. Gene Tunney was once a Marine. Tyrone Power is a Marine. And so is Leland Klein, runner-up in 1941 for the National Cornhusking Championship.

### Horse Marines

There are even Horse Marines, dating from the legendary Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines, who fed his horse on corn and beans. These are not cavalry in the the accepted sense of the word, but specialized troops in various locations. The most famous detachment of Horse Marines were those of the Peiping legation in China at the beginning of the century. There have even been camel Marines when the occasion demanded, and Marines have visited the king of Abyssinia on horseback. Today Horse Marines still patrol some 11 naval ammunition dumps in this country on a grand total of 108 horses.

### Commander

At one time the entire army of the island of Pago-Pago was commanded by only one Marine.

### A Leatherneck Story

One Winter night in 1938 two Marines were guarding the Ichang fire station bridge in China. Two Jap sentries were at the other end of the bridge. It was a cold and unfriendly night, so the Marines converted a tin can into a stove and warmed themselves further with vodka and Chinese wine carried in their canteens. Out of the goodness of their hearts they invited the Japs to partake of the warmth.

After the usual courtesies of cigarette-exchanging and smoke-blowing the Japs brought out a Big Bertha, otherwise known as a large bottle of Saki. After a few rounds the Marines decided it would a pleasant diversion to disassemble the Jap rifles to see what made them tick. Always great imitators, the Japs did the same with the Marine rifles. However, it is a known fact that the Japs are poor drinkers. When the watch ended the Marines got their guns together, but the Japs couldn't even see straight. They had to run back across the bridge with rifle parts in their pockets and around their necks.

The next night, when the Marines again lit their fire, they saw new Jap sentries across the bridge. They never saw the old pair again.

## Items That Require No Editorial Comment

### Recruit (I)

At 47, Elmo E. Bryant of Palisades Park, N. J., father of five children, has enlisted in the Navy for the third time. His wife has obtained a job at an aviation factory and the care of the children has been delegated to the oldest child, Mary, who is 17.

Mr. Bryant has been working at the Federal shipyards in Kearny for two years. He explained: "The time it takes to build a ship, fast though we've been doing it, gets on my nerves. I decided that I just had to get into the fight."

### Recruit (II)

Though thousands of French workers have rioted rather than be deported to Germany to work for Hitler, one Frenchman was actually anxious to go to Germany, according to the British radio. He showed up at one of the offices where the Laval Vichy Government is recruiting workers for the Reich and told the officer:

"I'd rather work 12 hours a day for the Germans than two hours a day for the French."

The officer rushed him to the Nazi commandant and said eagerly: "Here is one who will fight for Adolf Hitler and collaboration."

The commandant, elated, quizzed the Frenchman:

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I'm a grave digger, herr commandant," replied the patriot.

### Business Forecast

The story goes that two Italian businessmen met in Milan. "How's business?" asked one.

"Very much better," replied the other.

"Better?"

"Yes, very much better than next year."

### A Horse on Hitler

Every horse in the Netherlands must now wear its own identity card. Reason: Netherlands farmers, when orders requisitioning their horses were issued, borrowed from neighbors for presentation to the occupation authorities lame sway-backed old nags that had already been rejected by the Nazis.

### Hitler Lays It On

There is some indication that Hitler wants to return to his old untroubled occupation. According to the Dutch press, he is outlawing competition in that field. Under a new regulation, a paper hanger must obtain a permit from the German authorities.

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YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Layout, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Asst. M.E., Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.; Features, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, SU; Cartoonist, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.

London: Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig. Corps.
Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF.
Australia: Sgt. Dave Richardson; Cpl. Claude Ramsey.
Southwest Pacific: Sgt. E. J. Kahn Jr.
Caribbean: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan.
Hawaii: Cpl. James E. Page.
Marines: Plat. Sgt. Riley Aikman.
Navy: Yeo. 3-c. Robert L. Schwartz.

Officer in Charge, Major Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor, Capt. Hartzell Spence; Detachment Commander, Lt. Sam Humphrus; Officer in Charge for England, Lt. Col. Egbert White.

EDITORIAL OFFICE:
205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.



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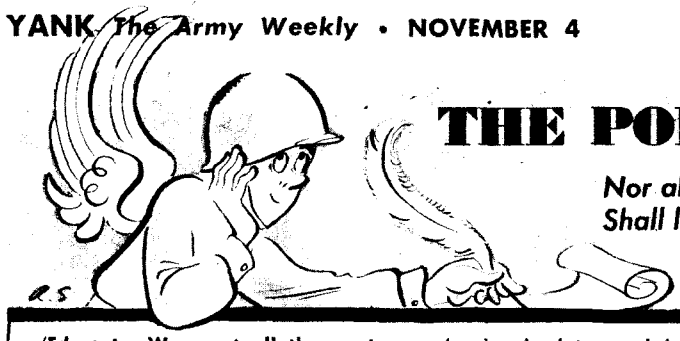


# THE POETS CORNERED

*Nor all your piety and wit*
*Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.*
*Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.*

(Ed. note: We want all the poetry you're inspired to send in but try to hold yourself down to three or four stanzas!)

### ODE TO THE MEDICS

They give me shots for tetanus;
For typhoid, I get three.
The yellow fever is excuse
For one more hole in me.

They stick the needle in me dry;
They stick it in me wet.
They punch me full of holes, it seems,
At ev'ry chance they get.

Typhus, measles, housemaid's knee,
There's shots for ev'ry thing;
Fallen arches, leprosy:
Boy, those shots do sting.

Sometimes those vampires stick me good
Right in a vein on me,
And then they take a pint of blood
And smile with fiendish glee.

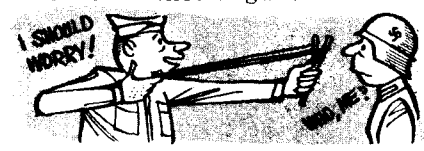
Oh, I haven't been in battle, yet;
In war I haven't starred.
But if you saw the holes in me,
You'd swear I'm battle scarred.

CPL. JOHN READEY
CAMP STONEMAN, CALIF.

### AN UPTON GRADUATE

Two months I spent at Upton,
With basic I am through;
My major letters I have won,
I wear the old C.U.

I learned to drill at Upton.
I'm trained to kill the Hun.
But ain't it sort of funny
I never shot a gun?




At right flank march I'm snappy.
Close drill to me's a trifle,
But why is it at Upton
You never fire a rifle?

Duck walk and boxing I had,
Six weeks without surcease;
You lug a gun at Upton,
But never shoot the piece.

If I am sent to battle
And some foe tries to kill me,
I'll point my gun and shout
"Bam! Bam!"
If he ain't dead I will be.

PVT. JIM BURCHARD

### AACS LAMENT

They call us the AACS
Dit happy guys are we.
We copy the sigs for the weather,
And dog rob for the ATC.

We're stuck in far off places,
From Maine to Timbuctoo.
In climes of all descriptions,
We get our traffic through.

Hand-me-down parts for equipment,
Most of it borrowed or stole.
Some shacks are tin-covered lean-tos;
Others use a bombproof hole.

We're scattered from hell to breakfast,
No knowing our own CO.
Attached to a hundred outfits.
We're orphans wherever we go.

Our guys don't ever get medals,
For this we don't give a damn.
For we are the guys that they call on
When an airplane gets in a jam.

M/SGT. J. C. KEYSER
CARIBBEAN COMMAND

# MAIL CALL

DEAR YANK:

Your radio program seems to be for the boys in Europe only. We Marines in the tropics on the Atlantic side also listen to your program daily. So don't we deserve thanks?

How's about having a program in the future for the Marines in the Puerto Rico area? I'm an old China hand, and I would like to hear some jive. How about Dinah Shore or Bing Crosby?

SGT. SHANGHAI LINDERBECK AND GANG, USMC.
VIEGUES ISLAND, PUERTO RICO

*YANK'S Radio Program, "G.I. Jive" is dedicated to the Marines every Tuesday and has a gyrene as guest. We'll work in Dinah and Bing soon.*

DEAR YANK:

In your July 15 issue there was a poem printed regarding the U.S. Marines that was disapproved by the men of the Marine Corps.

The person that wrote that poem may have meant it for a joke and he may not have. But the glory and tradition of the Marine Corps weren't won on the parade ground in full blues; they were won by the sweat and blood of men who died on the battle ground for right and freedom. I have been in the Marines for three years and four months, and I realized this the minute I saw what they can do. But it seems that the Army doesn't do much unless they're in a USO for recreation.

There is one thing you should be glad of, and that is that Gen. Smedley Butler (USMC) isn't alive to read that poem, because there would be trouble. We may be bellhops and stuck up, but we can fight, and we *don't give up*. We stand by our guns.

The reason we are like what that poem says is because we know there is no other organization in the world that can be compared with us, we are so superior. So please watch what you print about us from now on.

CPL. ORVILLE L. ADAMAN USMC.
CAMP ELLIOTT, CALIF.

DEAR YANK:

In your July 15 issue you published a bit of poetry concerning the U.S. Marines.

I think that any officer that has the colossal nerve to write a thing like that, especially when the Marines have been taking the Army's battles for them, should be taken out and have h--- knocked out of him. I personally would desire the privilege of meeting him.

If possible please send him a copy of this letter or, better still, print it.

ACK W. E. SMITH
MC UNIT 195, OVERSEAS

DEAR YANK:

I would like to toss my congratulations, among thousands of other Marines, to Cpl. Hargrove for his swell article, "The Magnificent Amphibians" [YANK Sept. 16].

From the way Cpl. Hargrove wrote it might sound to some people that the Marines are a conceited outfit, but we're not because everything he said is true. We're not conceited—we're the U.S. Marines, the best damned outfit in the world.

There's only one trouble with the article: the author is in the wrong outfit. He should be a Marine.

You have a swell paper there. Keep it going.

SGT. RAY CAMPBELL
USMC BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

DEAR YANK:

We have heard in Mail Call about the thirsty men who can drink huge quantities of warm beer and torpedo juice. All of which is very nice. But if they think that is something then let me hasten to report that we have a man here who always drinks two mugs of G.I. coffee each meal. And if there is anyone who can compare with this, let's not hear about it in Mail Call because this has got to stop somewhere or the whole damned Army will have to take a week's rest to recover.

SGT. W. F. CODY
GREENVILLE (MISS.) AFS

DEAR YANK:

Greetings from India. With reference to Mail Call of July 8, we of the orderly room have a different opinion than Cpl. W. R. of the U.S. Air Force. Since we in India have to deal with *rupees, annas, pies,* and *pices*, we would like to have the corporal transferred to our organization so that he could make out the pay roll twice a month. We guarantee that he will be pulling his hair out before the month is over.

We think it a good idea to be paid twice a month, but the fellows over here are not borrowing by the 6th and know how to handle their money so that it will last for a month.

1ST SGT. DESIRE L. D'ORANGE
INDIA

### YOUNGEST M SGT. DEPT. (Cont.)

DEAR YANK:

In rebuttal to Sgt. Kahn's article about the youngest master sergeant in the Army [YANK Sept. 23], I am writing to say that I know a master sergeant younger than M/Sgt. Donald J. Bowe. His name is Noah A. Green. M/Sgt. Green was born in Cross City, Fla., Jan. 2, 1922. He was a top kick at 19, being promoted to that rank on Sept. 5, 1941, and his promotion to master sergeant came April 1, 1942.

It would be appreciated if the officers and men engaged in the construction of the Alcan Military Highway were given some recognition for their services, even though they may not be facing as hazardous operations as some other branches of the service.

T/SGT. LAWRENCE H. POHL
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE ALCAN (ALASKA-CANADA) HIGHWAY

*So far, M/Sgt. Michael J. Savina, of the 4th Motorized Division, wins. He was born Oct. 2, 1922 and became a M/Sgt. Aug. 20, 1942—at the age of 19 years, 10 months.*

# Words Across the Sea

**Sgt. Frank Acosta** of Washington, D. C., is a Marine combat correspondent. His job is to wade into the thick of the fighting and write up the results. He was an NBC news editor before the war. His message goes to his sister's boy friend, and a chum of his own, Sgt. Ogden Bigger of the Army Air Force in England: "I saw Bob Hanson who took the pictures of you and my sister for *Look* magazine. Both he and his wife send regards. The kid sister is working her head off for the AWVS, the Washington Stage Door Canteen, and the OCD."

**Cpl. Maurice K. Baach** lived in Louisville, Ky., during his youth, but went to Chicago after finishing high school to learn to be a chiropodist. All of which has a bearing on his message to Pfc. Gilbert Seidman, with the Fleet Marine Force in the Pacific: "Cut off a couple of Jap feet for me to work on. And do everything else you can to weaken Jap resistance before I get there."

**Pvt. Bob Shank** of Dayton, Ohio, was a farmer before joining the Marines six months ago. His friend for 14 years, Sgt. Jack Rohler, is now in Australia and Bob has an important message for him: "I saw your wife and new baby and it's the spittin' image of you. I never saw a baby look so much like his father. See you in Tokyo."

**Pvt. Kenneth Roof** of Ridgeway, Pa., is one of the Marines on duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He says hello to an old home-town friend in whose father's junk yard they played when they were boys. His name is Pfc. Jerome Anderson and he's now in Australia. "Soon be over to help you out," says Kenneth, "and together we'll let the Japs have that same old scrap that we used to tear apart after school in your junk yard. Good luck."

**Pvt. William K. Beecher Jr.** of Watertown, Mass., wants to contact another New Englander with whom he palled around in civilian days. He is Pfc. Theodore West of Belmont, Mass., and he's also in the Marines, but far, far, far away in Australia or thereabouts. Beecher sends him this message: "All the fellows from Waverly Oaks say hello. Drop me a line."

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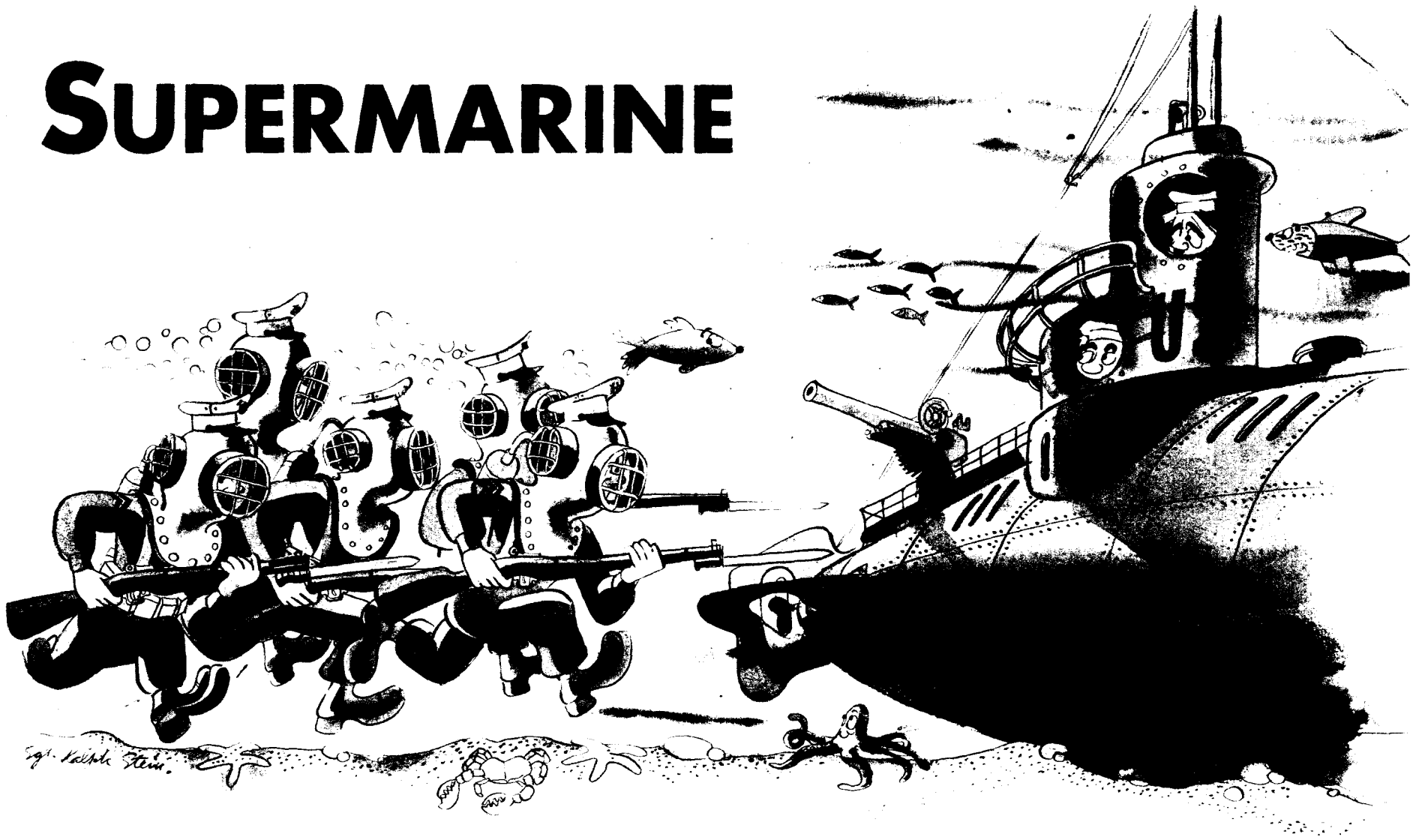
# SUPERMARINE



Words by SGT. HARRY BROWN
Pictures by SGT. RALPH STEIN

ONCE upon a time there was an old soldier, and he had a wooden leg. He also had a grandson named Oscar who was always asking the old soldier questions about the Second World War.

One night Oscar crawled up on the old soldier's mahogany knee and said, "Cripes, grampaw, tell me about the Marines."

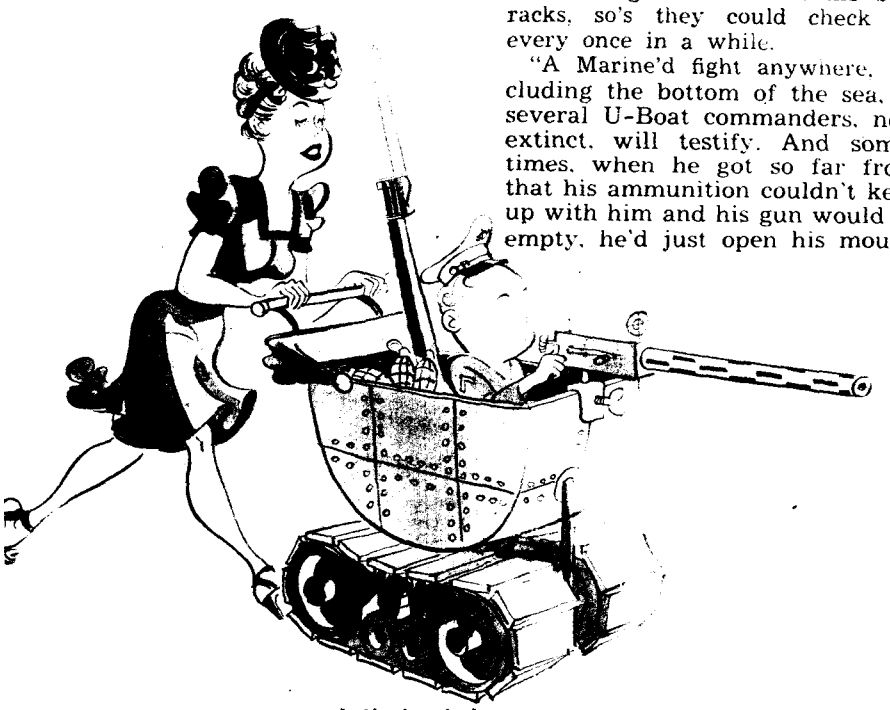
So the old soldier coughed a couple of times (he never recovered from PX beer) and, after giving Oscar a clip on the ear to keep him from fidgeting, he said this:

"Wal, when I was in the Infantry the Marines was a mighty tough bunch of men. Supermen, you might call 'em. When they spit, it was always in asbestos cuspidors, and barbers always had to cut their hair on the run, because they was always going off somewhere.

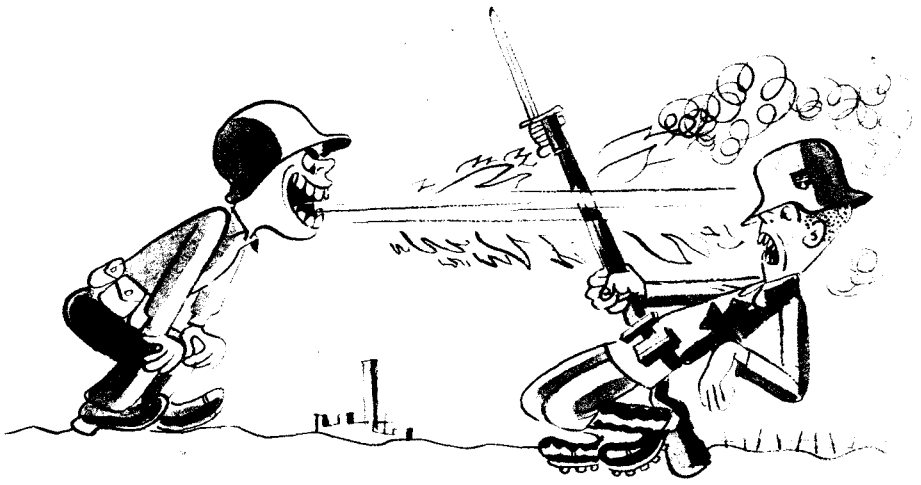
"A Marine was the way he was from the day he was born, and he was born standing up. He slept on nails in his cradle, rode in a hand-propelled tank instead of a baby carriage, and used a hand grenade for a rattle. Before he could say 'mama' he could give you the Burmese word for women and the Chinese word for beer.

"A Marine not only could lick his weight in wildcats, but a lot I knew used to keep their weight in wildcats in cages out behind the barracks, so's they could check up every once in a while.

"A Marine'd fight anywhere, including the bottom of the sea, as several U-Boat commanders, now extinct, will testify. And sometimes, when he got so far front that his ammunition couldn't keep up with him and his gun would be empty, he'd just open his mouth, press a button, and turn himself into a flame thrower. That sure used to always burn his enemies up.



*A Marine is born, not made.*

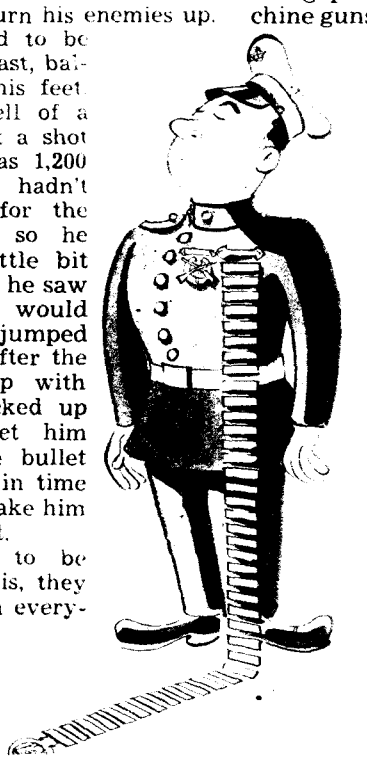


*"A Marine'd fight anywhere, including the bottom of the sea."*

*"He'd open his mouth, press a button and turn himself into a flame thrower."*

"A Marine had to be a good athlete—fast, balanced, light on his feet. Why, I heard tell of a Marine who took a shot at a Jap who was 1,200 yards away. He hadn't had any sleep for the last 247 hours, so he aimed just a little bit off-center. When he saw that the bullet would miss the Jap he jumped to his feet, ran after the bullet, caught up with it, passed it, picked up the Jap and set him down where the bullet was coming just in time for the bullet to take him right in the heart.

"Marines had to be good shots. Fact is, they had to be good in everything. They used to get medals for being proficient in rifles and machine guns and bayonets and everything else. Some had so many medals they dragged on the ground, and many a time I've seen a platoon sergeant walking along with a Pfc. at his side holding up one end of his chain of medals.



"Wal, if I was a Marine I could go on talking like this all night, and I've seen some Marines do just that. They were a fine bunch of men, and very proud, too. A little on the peacock side, maybe, when they was dressed in their best. But when they did their fighting they wore fatigues and looked just like human beings."



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# Keeping Up with the Comics

**SECRET AGENT X-9,** posing as Hans Saxe, a German-American loyal to the Reich, parachutes to earth when his plane is shot down over Germany. Brought before the Gestapo, he claims to be the long-lost brother of Elsa Saxe, who has been expected back from America. Fraulein Elsa, it turns out, is a cute cookie who willingly shields our hero from the law. Sent to an espionage school for future work in America, X-9 is uncovered by a Prussian officer, complete to monocle. Quickly thrown into a concentration camp by the Gestapo, he is yanked out by the propaganda ministry to be softened up for broadcasts to America. But he escapes in the uniform of a visiting general and is now at loose in the heart of enemy territory.

**POPEYE** is now a diplomat at the court of King Zex the ZIXth. To prove it, he hits everyone with his diplomitt, as he calls his good right fist. The king is a child, in danger of losing his throne to mysterious powers who want to "gobble up the kingdom to prevent it from being gobbled up." Popeye acts as the little king's protector, having turned down an offer from the opposition to be prime minister at a million dollars a year. Balked, the evil powers send a kidnaper to "kingnap the kid," as Olive puts it. Popeye sez, "Ya mean kidnap the king?" but the kidnaper gets impatient and shouts, "I wanna snatch the brat!" At last glance the little king is unhappy over being embroiled in such a mess and puts his favorite cat on the throne, crown and all.

**LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE** is battling it out on the home front. She has organized a band of youngsters into a group called the Junior Commandos. They scurry about gathering scrap, spying on suspicious people (they've caught two) capturing parachutists, aiding torpedoed merchant seamen (among whom is our old friend Cap'n Shanghai Pete), putting an end to juvenile delinquency, and beating little tough kids who insist on making noise where night-shift defense workers are sleeping. Daddy Warbucks is still gone, but he'll be back: in 22 years he hasn't failed us yet.

**THE GUMPS** have had a baby. Not Andy and Min, but Uncle Bim and Millie DeStross. Most of this strip (exactly one month) has been taken up with Uncle Bim and Mama DeStross battling over a name for the child. Bim wants it called Nautilus (after his old sea-going uncle who won immortality at the battle of Cranston's Wharf) while Mama insists on Cuthbert, her late husband's name. Bim has a nervous breakdown after all the fighting. Mama seizes the opportunity and phones the registrar of births to name it Cuthbert. The nurse misunderstands and the baby is registered as Ferdinand. Uncle Bim rather likes the new name, tosses around a few $1,000 bills, and makes it official. Bim gets even with Mama by inviting all his everyday acquaintances to Mama's big party for the new baby. Result: Tilda the maid dancing with a baron, Tony the fruit vender, with a duchess, etc.

**TIM TYLER'S LUCK** is still holding out. Now a member of the Coast Patrol (evidently the Coast Guard), he is busy tracking down sleuths bent on disrupting the war effort. Tim saved an Army general from being inoculated with a fatal typhoid germ by landing a captured autogiro on the roof of the general's speeding train. It seems that the general's wrist watch was set to inject him with a poisoned needle at 5 p.m. and Tim arrived at 1659:59. Tim is now mixed up with The Octopus, an all-metal monster seemingly devoid of higher instincts like patriotism

## Marguerite Chapman

*The beauty on the opposite page is regarded as one of Columbia's best bets. Her latest pictures are "The Doughgirls," "Young Man" and "Parachute Nurse."*

# MADDY CARROLL WEARS A PFC STRIPE

It seems unjust. Some pretty girls are honorary staff sergeants, some are honorary lieutenants and captains and majors and colonels. But Madeleine Carroll, that beautiful dish, is just a private first class in Battery F of the 265th Coast Artillery.

Of course, Madeleine is also Daughter of the Regiment to the 116th Infantry (an honor conferred before Pearl Harbor), and that may make up for her lack of rank in the caisson-rolling outfit.

Madeleine, when we saw her, had just finished doing a short-wave broadcast to U.S. soldiers everywhere for YANK's own broadcast, "G.I. Jive." She was fidgeting about catching a train to Canada where she was due to put in an appearance for the Victory Loan campaign. After Canada she returned to work at the United Seamen's Service where she helps plan entertainment for the Merchant Marine. A busy girl.

Madeleine really has a stake in the war. Her own pedigree—French mother, Irish father (her name was originally O'Carroll), English upbringing, American screen career—makes her sound like a composite of the United Nations. And her husband, Stirling Hayden, is, as of a very recent date, a U.S. Marine.

This definitely doesn't mean she neglects the Army. She wears her Pfc. stripe proudly and carries in her handbag the warrant to back up the stripe as well as a pass permitting her a six-hour leave from her organization, the 265th CA.

The Coast Artillery boys were quartered near her home in California and she furnished them with constant entertainment. Her one rule was never to go out with anyone above the rank of buck sergeant, but, when an attractive top kick showed up at her home with two corporals on 24-hour leave, she broke the rule.

She took the trio with her on her own working routine. They went to the studio and watched her work under the glaring lights. They had lunch at the commissary and toured the studio in the afternoon. They went back home and ate with her.

The blow fell when they found she expected them to share her usual morning reveille at 5:30. It was just too early after such a hard day. Bolstered with aspirin and coffee, the half-awake noncoms wove back to camp—a full hour earlier than they had to report.

*Madeleine Carroll*

# Movie Tickets Are Precious Down Under

Somewhere in Australia (By Cable)—G.I.s down here have discovered that going to the movies is a very special and formal event in Australian social life, somewhat like attending the opening of the opera or the Broadway first night of a new Cole Porter musical show back in the States.

Australians don't just drop into a movie. They make reservations in advance and usually the box office is sold out at 8 o'clock. The shows are not continuous, either.

The most expensive seats are in the balcony, which is called the dress circle. The celebrities and the society people sit up there. The seats downstairs in the orchestra, known as "the stalls," are much cheaper.

Right now the Australian theaters are showing "The Lady Has Plans," "The Fleet's In," "You Belong to Me," "To the Shores of Tripoli," "Shanghai Gesture," "The Man Who Came to Dinner" and "Twin Beds." The most popular movie of the year is "Mrs. Miniver."

The leading legitimate-theater attraction of the moment is "Let's Face It," the Australian version of the Danny Kaye hit, which isn't much without Danny Kaye and without Americans in the cast to put over the American jokes. But even that is much better than the Australian burlesque shows, which are pretty corny and amateurish, featuring the old strip tease.

If a Yank wants to go strictly high-brow and has enough dough in his pocket, he can go night-clubbing. Australian night clubs are as expensive as the American ones and you are lucky to get out under $15 for yourself and a girl, so most of the customers are officers. There are no floor shows, and you must telephone ahead and order a bottle because they don't sell separate drinks.

The bands are playing "I Don't Wanna Set the World on Fire," the top hit of the moment. They are months behind American bands in the latest numbers and years behind in the technique of swing.

The best places to spend an evening are the big soft-drink dance palaces that attract droves of Yanks. They can have a swell time there for very little expense.

But practically everything is closed up tight on Sunday. It's hard to find even a newsstand doing business on the Sabbath and most of the restaurants lock their doors. Only a couple of theaters stay open and they are mobbed with reservations made days in advance.

YANK's Australian Bureau

*"Do you think there's any truth in that silly rumor about pixies here in Ireland?"*



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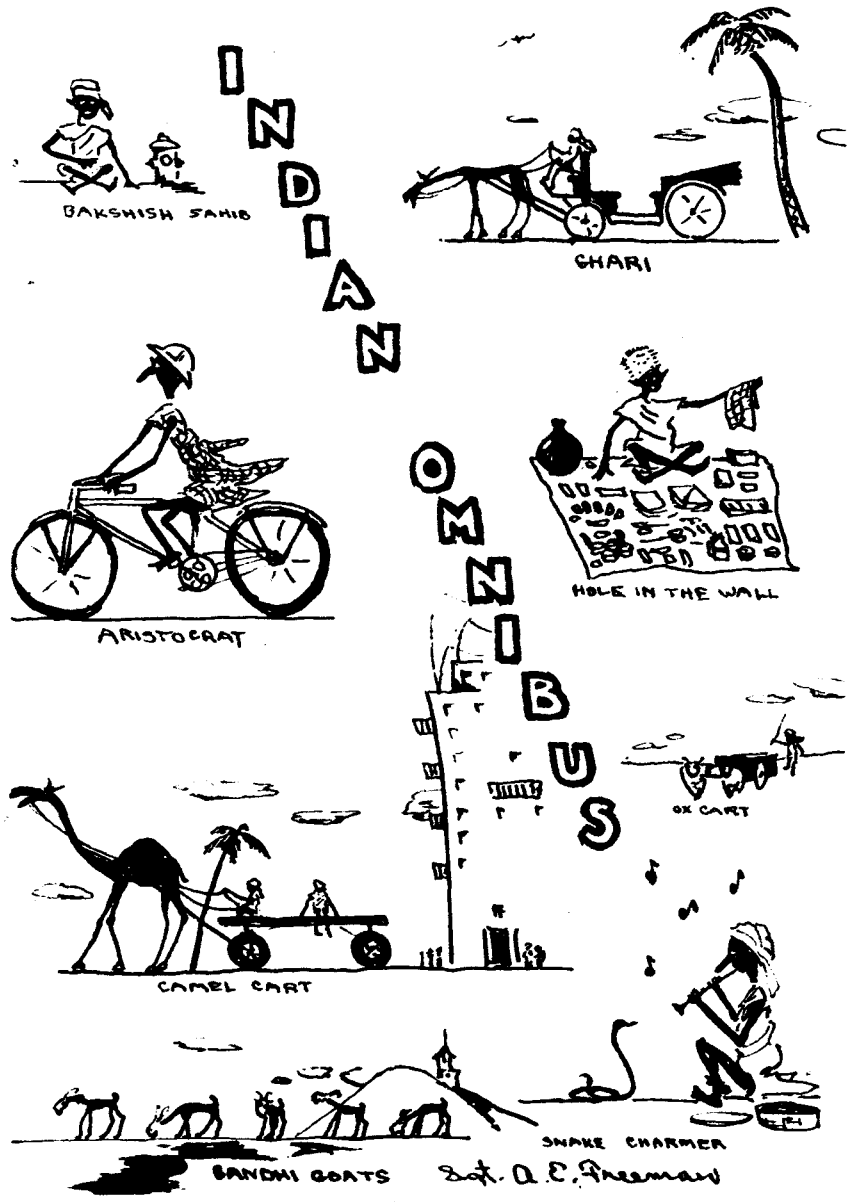
This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

# The Post Exchange

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.




INDIA — SGT. ALBERT E. FREEMAN

## Double Talk Down Under

Aussie slang is hot stuff, and you'll have to hump to understand it, let alone use it yourself. Take a look at some of these words with their translation:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| drogo | rookie | to skite | to boast |
| chivvy | back talk, lip | burgoo | stew |
| yakka | hard work | Buckley's chance | a long shot |
| cow | it stinks | push | a mob or gang |
| brumby | a bronco | Joe Blakes or joes | the blues |
| dinkum oil | gospel truth | Oscar Asche or Oscar | hard cash |
| sarvo | this afternoon | plates of meat | feet |
| barrack | to root | cow coky | a dairy farmer |
| crook | to feel lousy | grafter | good worker |

Now that you've got that under your belt, see if you can understand this touching short story. [If you can't, you'll find a Yankization on page 23.]

A shikkered wooloomooloo yank from never never, full of plonk, left a rubbadedub and met a wowser with two ding dong sninnies. This fair cow poke boraked the cliners by suggesting they go out in the woop-woop and smooge as a shivoo. The wowser stonkered the Collins Street Squatter with a bonzer crack on the boko and went whacks with the sheilas at a beano.

PVT. RAY BELL
NEW CALEDONIA

## The Timetable for a Brush-Off

It usually takes ten months for a soldier to get a complete brush-off from the girl back home.

During your first month at camp the letters are long and tender, all the way from "Dearest" to "Forever yours." The next two months they start shrinking to four pages. She starts off telling you how busy she is. If you were a sharp character, you'd wonder what or who was keeping her so busy. You figure her job is keeping her occupied, not somebody else with a job.

Little by little in the fifth and sixth months, you notice that those perfumed missives close with an abrupt "Love." She still calls you "Dearest," so your romantic nostrils fail to smell a rat—or a wolf.

In the seventh month you go home on a furlough and come back to camp thinking everything is the same as it was. But it really isn't. The furlough was a ticket to heaven, but you forgot it was a round trip ticket.

The letters just crawl in during the eighth and ninth months and now you're just "Dear Jim." And before the signature at the bottom of a hastily scrawled one-page letter is the one significant word, "Sincerely."

And then—about the end of the tenth month—you get a square white envelope. It's her engagement announcement. She's penned a few personal lines which she hopes will cushion the shock. She's so happy and knows you'll understand.

You don't say anything when you get that card. You just take her picture off the shelf over your bunk and sling it into the G.I. can at the end of the barracks.

"They're like street cars, chum," yawns the veteran in the next bunk.

"Yeah, sure," you say absently. And you lie down on your bunk and wonder when you're going to get a crack at the Nazis and Japs, who are the real reasons you've lost your girl.

SGT. MALVIN WALD
AAF, CULVER CITY, CALIF.

*"I don't know why, but I can't seem to make friends in the Army!"*

PVT. BOB ABRAMOWITZ
FORT HAMILTON, N. Y.

AUSTRALIA — CPL. ALLEN GRAF

### LOOK FOR TOMORROW

What is the Army?
Most of us ask,
So as to know our duty
And to know our task.

The Army means union
For one and for all;
Look for tomorrow
And don't let it fall.

PVT. PAUL O. ARMIJO
CAMP KEARNS, UTAH



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# Cooper Wins National League Most Valuable Player Title

NEW YORK — Morton Cooper, the right-handed pitcher who fastballed the St. Louis Cardinals into the pennant and then became the goat of the World Series, has been voted the National League's most valuable player of 1942.

A committee of baseball writers gave Cooper a total of 263 points to make him the third pitcher to win the award since it was established in 1931. The other hurlers who made the title were Carl Hubbell in 1933 and 1936, and Dizzy Dean in 1934.

Cooper, whose speed had National League batters eating out of his hand during the Cards' furious stretch drive, proved duck soup for the heavy artillery of the Yankees in the Series. He lost the first and only championship decision St. Louis dropped, and was knocked out when he tried to come back in the fourth game.

### Slaughter Second

Runner-up to Cooper, 63 points behind, was his hard-hitting teammate, Enos Slaughter, while Mel Ott, Giants manager, with 190, and Mickey Owen, Dodger catcher, with 103 points took the third and fourth spots.

A total of 33 players received votes by the writers, while 26 others were cited for honorable mention.

Those receiving votes were: Martin Marion, Cards, 81; Dolph Camilli, Dodgers, 42; Bob Elliott, Pittsburgh, 39; Clyde Passeau, Chicago, 33; Walker Cooper, Morton's brother and battery mate, 28; Stan Musial, Cards, 26; Ernie Lombardi, Boston, Johnny Beazley, who won two Series games for the Cards, and Jimmy Brown, Cards, 24 each; Whitlow Wyatt, Dodgers, 22; Joe Medwick, Dodgers, 20; Terry Moore, Cards, 15; Bill Nicholson, Chicago, 14; Stan Hack, Chicago, and Johnny Vandermeer, Cincinnati, 11 each.

Tommy Hughes of the Phils received 10 votes; Ray Starr, Cincinnati, 9; Larry French, Dodgers, 7; Peewee Reese, Dodgers, and George Kurowski, Cards, 6 each; Ray Lamanno, Frank McCormick and Lonnie Frey, all Cincinnati, and Max West and Al Javery, Boston, 4 each; Eddie Miller, Boston, and Danny Litwhiler, Phils, one each.

### LEONARD JOINS MERCHANT MARINE

NEW YORK—Benny Leonard, who retired undefeated as lightweight champion, is a lieutenant in the U.S. Maritime Service, which trains seamen and cadets for the merchant marine.

# Missouri Ace Tops Football Scorers

NEW YORK—King of this country's football scorers is Bob Steuber, University of Missouri halfback, who last season performed at end.

In six games, Steuber has put together 13 touchdowns and five conversions for a grand total of 83 points. He's practically in a class by himself. His closest rival, Frank Sinkwich of Georgia, is 17 points to the rear in the national collegiate tabulation. He's rung up 66 points, also in six contests.

Fullback of a mighty Ohio State eleven, Gene Fekete holds down third place with 60 points. The top-notch Eastern player in the select scoring circle is Jim Secrest, University of Rochester halfback, at 54.

After Secrest, in order, are:

A. Victor, The Citadel, 47; Bob Kennedy, Washington State, 44; Lee Tevis, Washington, 43; Bill Coleman, Baylor, 35; Johnny Ziegler and Carl Stearns, both of Colorado, 33, and K. Moore, Colorado College, 25.

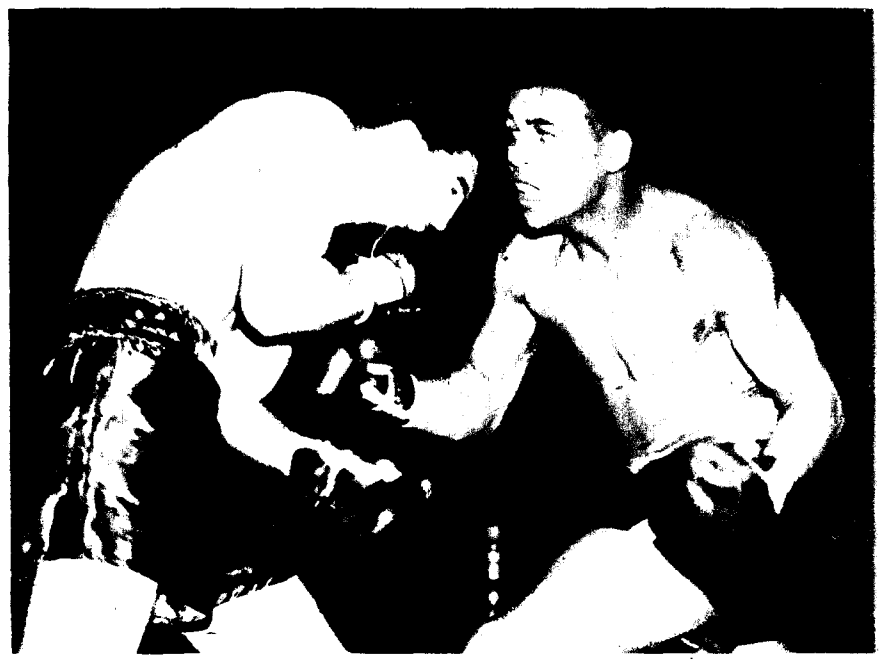
Steuber's latest effort was grabbing 20 points against Iowa State with three touchdowns and two conversions. Secrest, however, took solo honors the last time out by notching five touchdowns against Hamilton College.

# Army-Navy Football Game Strictly Private Affair

WASHINGTON — There won't be much of a crowd at the Army-Navy football game this year.

In order to save the strain on transportation services, President Roosevelt has ordered that the annual service game shall be played at Annapolis and tickets will be sold only to residents of the academy town.

That means that only 26,000 people can watch the game, instead of the 102,000 spectators that were anticipated at Philadelphia according to the original plans. Even government officials at nearby Washington will be barred from the box office.



*Sugar Ray Robinson, the Harlem welterweight sensation, drives a left into the midsection of Izzy Janazzo of Brooklyn as he wins the 10-round decision at Philadelphia. It was Sugar's 37th straight triumph as a professional fighter.*

# G.I. Race Track Fanatics Find Australia Land of Paradise

**By. Sgt. Dave Richardson,** *YANK's Australian Bureau*

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA (By Cable)—Summer is just around the corner down here but still the Yanks gather around the radios every Sunday to hear re-broadcasts of the leading American college football games back home.

The American Red Cross records the latest gridiron results in 15-minutes commentaries by Tom Hanlon of Station KWID, San Francisco, and re-broadcasts them over the Australian National Network stations to soldiers who throng the service clubs and shacks in the cities and in the bush to hear how Siwash made out and who died for dear old Rutgers.

Their only complaint is that the dramatized version of an outstanding game is often spoiled by background noise effects that are supposed to be cheering.

### Bets Are Cheap

The most contented G.I. sports fans in Australia are the racing maniacs. Horse racing is the No. 1 sport here, and last Saturday I saw a crowd of 74,000 attending just an average program at one of the tracks. There were American uniforms all over the place.

You can bet on any horse to win or place for as low as 80 cents. All the betting is under government supervision.

Good old American wraslin' also drew a packed house in a big stadium with hefty Joe Lyman, a 210-pound Yank staff sergeant from Seattle, stealing the show.

### It's the Same Old Gag

Using reverse wristlocks, working first on one arm and then the other, Sgt. Joe did an awful job on a grunt-and-groan character named Leo Demetral, finally pinning him with a toe-hold. Then Demetral, the villain of the evening pinned Hero Joe with a forward slam while everybody booed lustily. But Lyman staged a comeback to win the match with a spectacular Irish leg-clutch.

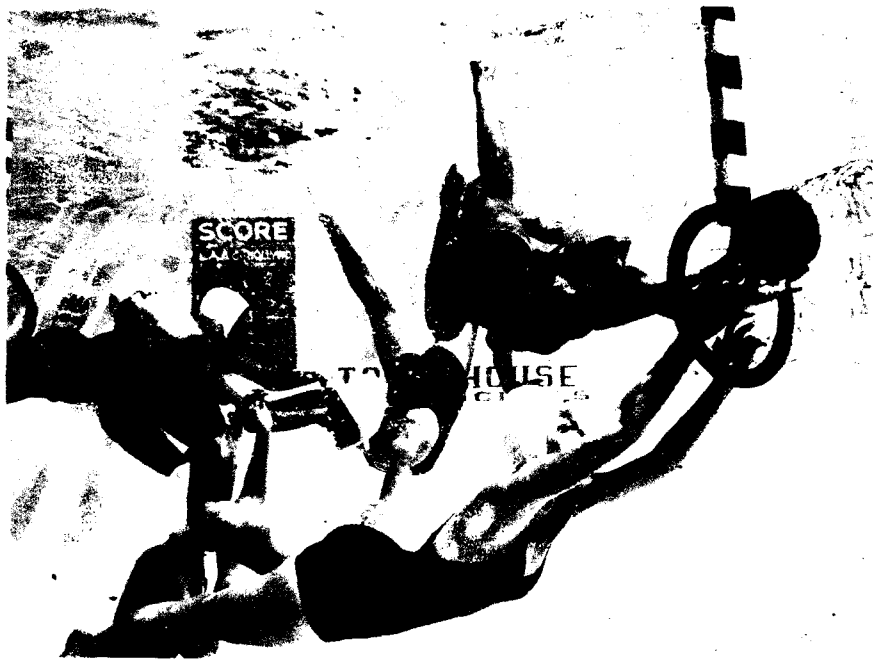
The next day, when he was back at work in the quartermaster section of the Services of Suply, Sgt. Lyman said he felt none the worse, despite his groans of agony in the ring the night before.

"Pro wrestling is the same act all over the world," he explained with a wink.

### BUCKY HARRIS SEEKS SERVICE

WASHINGTON — Stanley (Bucky) Harris, who quit as manager of the Washington Senators, has applied to become a member of the Army Specialists' Corps. If accepted, he hopes to be assigned to duty in the physical-recreation program of the Signal Corps.

*Cpl. Luie E. Barnes wears a gas mask while pitching a ball game at Las Vegas Gunnery School. Did the batters on the other team really smell that bad?*




*Here's a new combination of water polo and underwater basketball played by the girls at the Los Angeles A. C. Spectators sit under the glass tank to watch the action. Notice the submarine scoreboard.*



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# SPORTS: A MARINE SPORTSWRITER DOES SOME BOASTING ABOUT A FEW OF HIS LEATHERNECK ATHLETES

**By S Sgt. Hy Hurwitz, U.S.M.C.**

It certainly is a privilege for a Leatherneck to be permitted to rubberneck in an Army Weekly. Of course, I don't know who will regret it most, the Army Weekly's editor or your correspondent (who as usual is leading with his chin) or you guys who have to suffer through a column of the stuff that I dish out.

But, anyway, let me tell you something about the Marine Corps and its sports figures. We haven't any football teams touring the country these days like the Navy. But we're well represented in other lines.

As an old-time fight writer, it's quite fitting that I've found many a leather pusher in the uniform of a Leatherneck. Two of the greatest fight champions of modern times at their respective weights, Tommy Loughran and Barney Ross, are now doing their fighting for the Marine Corps.

***Loughran a Natural Marine***

Why did Loughran and Ross choose the Marine Corps? Well, if you know anything of their backgrounds you'd realize it was only natural. Loughran is a former light heavyweight champion of the world but today he is simply Pvt. Thomas Loughran, USMCR. During his career in the cauliflower set, he endeavored to fight as a heavyweight. How like a Leatherneck.

He carried on a brilliant campaign as a heavyweight until he was qualified for the world's heavyweight crown. He met Jack Sharkey when the Boston flower-and-fist addict was the heavyweight titleholder. Tommy was kayoed in four heats by one of the strangest punches that ever ended a title scrap. An uppercut of Sharkey's hit Loughran right on the Adam's apple and knocked Tommy out.

Like Loughran, Ross tackled men above his own weight. Winner of the world's welterweight title, Barney fought middleweights and light heavyweights. While he never copped any championships in the heavier classes he scored several notable triumphs over heavier men.

***Lucky Sevens for Hanley***

A man doesn't have to be a boxer to be a fighter. Two of the greatest athletes in this scribe's book, who have waged successful campaigns against terrific odds, are now brother Leathernecks — Maj. Leroy (Pat) Hanley, former football coach at Boston University and Carlisle Institute, and Pfc. Ted Lyons, the great White Sox pitcher.

Maj. Hanley, of course, is a Marine from way back. He was in the corps during the last war and as soon as the Japs attacked us at Pearl Harbor, he jumped right back in again. Speaking of Pearl Harbor, Maj. Hanley has a strange superstition about the number seven. His telephone number in Boston was 7777. His automobile license plate was 77,777. And he came back into the Marine Corps because of the Hawaiian incident on Dec. 7.

Possessor of one of baseball's greatest pitching records, Pfc. Lyons probably would be rated with the horsehide pastime's immortals if he had been with a pennant-winning team. For 17 years, Ted twirled for the White Sox, ever since he left the Baylor University campus. He has won 263 games during that stretch and for a large part of the time he pitched for a second-division team. If fate had only sent him to the Yankees, his winning record would have been over the 300 mark.

In Maj. Hanley, Cpl. Ross, Pfc. Lyons and Pvt. Loughran, the sports world has certainly made a grand contribution to the Marine Corps. They, let it be understood, are only four top-flight performers. There are hundreds of others serving with us, but after all, I don't want to fill this whole issue of YANK with a long list of their accomplishments.

*Tommy Loughran, Young Terry and Al Ettore swap their boxing gloves for Marine bayonets.*

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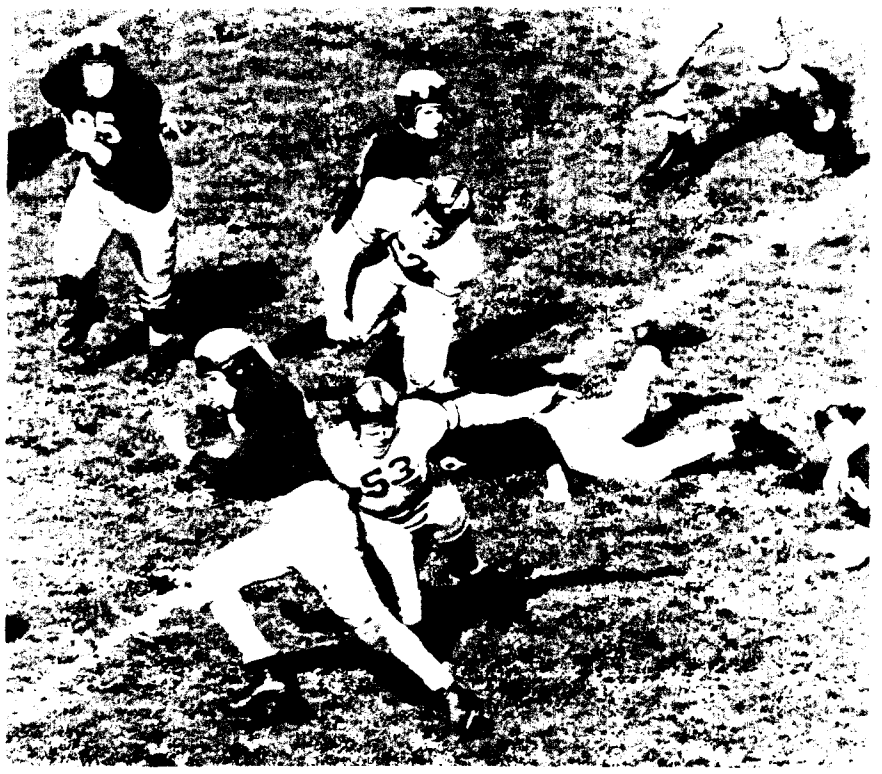
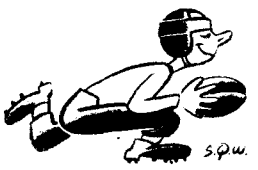
# Yale and Minnesota Score Upsets



*YALE WINS—Hugh Knowlton picks up seven yards and a first down as Norman Brown of Dartmouth hits him but doesn't hold on. The Blue team licked the Green, 17-7, in one of the season's gridiron upsets.*

## COLLEGE FOOTBALL



| | |
|---|---|
| **ALABAMA** | |
| 54—S. W. La. In. | 0 |
| 21—Miss. State | 6 |
| 27—Pen'cola Tr | 0 |
| 8—Tennessee | 0 |
| 14—Kentucky | 0 |
| **ARMY** | |
| 14—Lafayette | 0 |
| 28—Cornell | 8 |
| 34—Columbia | 6 |
| 14—Harvard | 0 |
| **AUBURN** | |
| 20—Chattanooga | 7 |
| 0—Ga. Tech | 15 |
| 27—Tulane | 13 |
| 0—Florida | 6 |
| 6—Georgetown | 6 |
| 14—Villanova | 6 |
| **BAYLOR** | |
| 68—Waco Flyers | 0 |
| 6—Hardin-Sim's | 13 |
| 18—Okla. A. & M. | 12 |
| 20—Arkansas | 7 |
| 6—Texas A & M. | 0 |
| **BOSTON COLLEGE** | |
| 33—West Virginia | 0 |
| 14—Clemson | 7 |
| 7—N. C. Pre-Fl | 6 |
| 27—Wake Forest | 0 |
| **BROWN** | |
| 28—Rhode Island | 0 |
| 28—Columbia | 21 |
| 7—Lafayette | 0 |
| 13—Princeton | 32 |
| **CALIFORNIA** | |
| 6—St. Mary's | 0 |
| 8—Ore. State | 13 |
| 6—Santa Clara | 7 |
| 0—U. C. L. A. | 21 |
| 19—Washington | 6 |
| **CLEMSON** | |
| 32—Presbyterian | 13 |
| 0—V. M. I. | 6 |
| 6—N. C. State | 7 |
| 7—Boston College | 14 |
| 18—So. Carolina | 6 |
| **COLGATE** | |
| 49—St. Lawrence | 0 |
| 18—Cornell | 6 |
| 27—Dartmouth | 19 |
| 0—Duke | 34 |
| 10—Penn State | 13 |
| **COLUMBIA** | |
| 39—Ft. Monmouth | 0 |
| 34—Maine | 2 |
| 21—Brown | 28 |
| 6—Army | 34 |
| 12—Pennsylvania | 42 |
| **CORNELL** | |
| 20—Lafayette | 16 |
| 6—Colgate | 18 |
| 8—Army | 28 |
| 0—Penn State | 0 |
| 7—Syracuse | 44 |
| **DARTMOUTH** | |
| 17—Holy Cross | 6 |
| 58—Miami (O.) | 7 |
| 19—Colgate | 27 |
| 14—Harvard | 2 |
| 7—Yale | 17 |
| **DUKE** | |
| 21—Davidson | 6 |
| 7—Wake Forest | 20 |
| 12—Ga. Pre-Fl | 26 |
| 34—Colgate | 0 |
| 28—Pittsburgh | 0 |
| **DUQUESNE** | |
| 26—Waynesburg | 0 |
| 25—Holy Cross | 6 |
| 33—Kansas State | 0 |
| 6—No. Carolina | 13 |
| 7—Manhattan | 10 |
| **FLORIDA** | |
| 7—Jacksonville Tr. | 20 |
| 45—Rand.-Macon | 0 |
| 26—Tampa | 6 |
| 6—Auburn | 0 |
| 3—Villanova | 12 |
| 12—Miss. State | 26 |
| **FORDHAM** | |
| 14—Purdue | 7 |
| 14—Tennessee | 40 |
| 0—No. Carolina | 0 |
| 23—West Virginia | 14 |
| **GEORGIA** | |
| 7—Kentucky | 6 |
| 14—Jacksonville Tr. | 0 |
| 40—Furman | 7 |
| 48—Mississippi | 13 |
| 40—Tulane | 0 |
| 35—Cincinnati | 13 |
| **GEORGIA TECH** | |
| 15—Auburn | 0 |
| 13—Notre Dame | 6 |
| 30—Chattanooga | 12 |
| 33—Davidson | 0 |
| 21—Navy | 0 |
| **HARVARD** | |
| 0—N. C. Pre-Fl. | 13 |
| 7—Penn | 19 |
| 7—Wm. & Mary | 7 |
| 2—Dartmouth | 14 |
| 0—Army | 14 |
| **HOLY CROSS** | |
| 6—Dartmouth | 17 |
| 0—Duquesne | 25 |
| 60—Ft. Totten | 0 |
| 0—Syracuse | 19 |
| 28—N. C. State | 0 |
| **ILLINOIS** | |
| 46—So. Dakota | 0 |
| 67—Butler | 0 |
| 20—Minnesota | 13 |
| 12—Iowa | 7 |
| 14—Notre Dame | 21 |
| **INDIANA** | |
| 53—Butler | 0 |
| 21—Ohio State | 32 |
| 12—Nebraska | 0 |
| 19—Pittsburgh | 7 |
| 13—Iowa | 14 |
| **IOWA** | |
| 26—Wash. (St. L.) | 7 |
| 27—Nebraska | 0 |
| 0—Great Lakes | 25 |
| 33—Camp Grant | 16 |
| 7—Illinois | 12 |
| 14—Indiana | 13 |
| **KANSAS** | |
| 0—Marquette | 14 |
| 0—Iowa Pre-Fl | 61 |
| 0—Denver | 17 |
| 6—T. C. U. | 41 |
| 0—Oklahoma | 25 |
| 19—Kas. State | 7 |
| **KENTUCKY** | |
| 6—Georgia | 7 |
| 35—Xavier (O.) | 19 |
| 53—W. and L. | 0 |
| 6—Vanderbilt | 7 |
| 21—Va. Tech | 21 |
| 0—Alabama | 14 |
| **LOUISIANA STATE** | |
| 40—La. St. Normal | 0 |
| 16—Tex. A. & M. | 7 |
| 14—Rice | 27 |
| 16—Miss. State | 6 |
| 21—Mississippi | 7 |
| 34—Ga. Pre-Fl | 0 |
| **MICHIGAN** | |
| 9—Great Lakes | 0 |
| 20—Mich. State | 0 |
| 14—Iowa Pre-Fl. | 26 |
| 34—Northwestern | 16 |
| 14—Minnesota | 16 |
| **MINNESOTA** | |
| 50—Pittsburgh | 7 |
| 6—Iowa Pre-Fl | 7 |
| 13—Illinois | 20 |
| 15—Nebraska | 2 |
| 16—Michigan | 14 |
| **MISS. STATE** | |
| 35—Union | 2 |
| 6—Alabama | 21 |
| 6—L. S. U. | 16 |
| 33—Vanderbilt | 0 |
| 26—Florida | 12 |
| **MISSOURI** | |
| 31—Ft. Riley | 0 |
| 38—St. Louis | 7 |
| 26—Colorado | 13 |
| 9—Wisconsin | 17 |
| 46—Kansas State | 2 |
| 45—Iowa State | 6 |
| **NAVY** | |
| 0—Wm. & Mary | 3 |
| 35—Virginia | 0 |
| 0—Princeton | 10 |
| 13—Yale | 6 |
| 0—Georgia Tech | 21 |
| **NEBRASKA** | |
| 26—Iowa State | 0 |
| 0—Iowa | 27 |
| 0—Indiana | 12 |
| 2—Minnesota | 15 |
| 7—Oklahoma | 0 |
| **NORTH CAROLINA** | |
| 6—Wake Forest | 0 |
| 18—So. Carolina | 6 |
| 0—Fordham | 0 |
| 13—Duquesne | 6 |
| 14—Tulane | 29 |
| **NORTHWESTERN** | |
| 12—Iowa Pre-Fl. | 20 |
| 3—Texas | 0 |
| 6—Purdue | 7 |
| 16—Michigan | 34 |
| 6—Ohio State | 20 |
| **NOTRE DAME** | |
| 7—Wisconsin | 7 |
| 6—Ga. Tech | 13 |
| 27—Stanford | 0 |
| 28—Iowa Pre-Fl. | 0 |
| 21—Illinois | 14 |
| **OHIO STATE** | |
| 59—Ft. Knox | 0 |
| 32—Indiana | 21 |
| 28—So. Calif. | 12 |
| 26—Purdue | 0 |
| 20—Northwestern | 6 |
| **OKLAHOMA** | |
| 0—Okla. A. & M. | 0 |
| 0—Tulsa | 23 |
| 0—Texas | 7 |
| 25—Kansas | 0 |
| 0—Nebraska | 7 |
| **OREGON** | |
| 9—Calif. Pre-Fl. | 10 |
| 0—Wash. State | 7 |
| 7—Washington | 15 |
| 28—Idaho | 0 |
| **OREGON STATE** | |
| 32—Idaho | 0 |
| 13—California | 8 |
| 7—U. C. L. A. | 30 |
| 0—Santa Clara | 7 |
| 13—Wash. State | 26 |
| **PENNSYLVANIA** | |
| 6—Ga. Pre-Fl | 14 |
| 19—Harvard | 7 |
| 35—Yale | 6 |
| 6—Princeton | 6 |
| 42—Columbia | 12 |
| **PITTSBURGH** | |
| 7—Minnesota | 50 |
| 20—S. M. U. | 7 |
| 6—Great Lakes | 7 |
| 7—Indiana | 19 |
| 0—Duke | 28 |
| **PRINCETON** | |
| 20—Lakehurst Tr. | 6 |
| 7—Williams | 19 |
| 10—Navy | 0 |
| 6—Penn | 6 |
| 32—Brown | 13 |
| **PURDUE** | |
| 7—Fordham | 14 |
| 0—Vanderbilt | 26 |
| 7—Northwestern | 6 |
| 0—Ohio State | 26 |
| 0—Wisconsin | 13 |
| **SANTA CLARA** | |
| 12—Utah | 0 |
| 14—Stanford | 6 |
| 7—California | 6 |
| 7—Oregon State | 0 |
| 6—U. C. L. A. | 14 |
| **SO. CALIFORNIA** | |
| 13—Tulane | 27 |
| 0—Washington | 0 |
| 12—Ohio State | 28 |
| 26—Wash. State | 12 |
| 6—Stanford | 14 |
| **SO. METHODIST** | |
| 26—No. Texas T. | 7 |
| 7—Pittsburgh | 20 |
| 6—Hardin-Sim's | 7 |
| 6—Temple | 6 |
| 21—Corp. Christi PF | 6 |
| **STANFORD** | |
| 0—Wash. State | 6 |
| 6—Santa Clara | 14 |
| 0—Notre Dame | 27 |
| 54—Idaho | 7 |
| 14—South Calif. | 6 |
| **SYRACUSE** | |
| 58—Clarkson | 6 |
| 25—Boston U. | 0 |
| 13—Western Res. | 0 |
| 19—Holy Cross | 0 |
| 12—Cornell | 7 |
| **TEMPLE** | |
| 0—Georgetown | 7 |
| 7—V. M. I. | 6 |
| 7—Bucknell | 7 |
| 6—So. Methodist | 6 |
| 0—N. C. PF | 34 |
| **TENNESSEE** | |
| 0—So. Carolina | 0 |
| 40—Fordham | 14 |
| 34—Dayton | 6 |
| 0—Alabama | 8 |
| 52—Furman | 7 |
| **TEXAS** | |
| 40—Corpus Christi | 0 |
| 64—Kansas State | 0 |
| 0—Northwestern | 3 |
| 7—Oklahoma | 0 |
| 47—Arkansas | 6 |
| 12—Rice | 7 |
| **TEXAS A. & M.** | |
| 7—L. S. U. | 16 |
| 19—Texas Tech | 0 |
| 7—Corpus Christi | 18 |
| 2—T. C. U. | 7 |
| 0—Baylor | 6 |
| **TULANE** | |
| 27—So. California | 13 |
| 13—Auburn | 27 |
| 18—Rice | 7 |
| 0—Georgia | 40 |
| 29—No. Carolina | 14 |
| **U. C. L. A.** | |
| 6—T. C. U. | 7 |
| 7—Calif. Pre-Fl. | 18 |
| 30—Oregon State | 7 |
| 21—California | 0 |
| 14—Santa Clara | 6 |
| **VANDERBILT** | |
| 52—Tenn. Tech | 0 |
| 26—Purdue | 0 |
| 7—Kentucky | 6 |
| 0—Miss. State | 33 |
| 66—Centre | 6 |
| **WASHINGTON** | |
| 27—Coll.-Pacific | 6 |
| 0—So. Calif. | 0 |
| 15—Oregon | 7 |
| 35—Montana | 0 |
| 6—California | 19 |
| **WASH. STATE** | |
| 6—Stanford | 0 |
| 7—Oregon | 0 |
| 68—Montana | 16 |
| 12—So. California | 26 |
| 26—Ore. State | 13 |
| **WISCONSIN** | |
| 7—Camp Grant | 0 |
| 7—Notre Dame | 7 |
| 35—Marquette | 7 |
| 17—Missouri | 9 |
| 13—Great Lakes | 7 |
| 13—Purdue | 0 |
| **YALE** | |
| 33—Lehigh | 6 |
| 6—Pennsylvania | 35 |
| 6—Navy | 13 |
| 12—Dartmouth | 7 |

## Here's What That Aussie Slang Means

Here is the translation of that Australian double-talk fable on the Post Exchange page:

A potted zoot suiter from hell and gone, up to his ears in dago red, pulled out of a joint and ran into a sour puss with a couple of smooth numbers. This heel knifed the tomatoes by suggesting they all go out in the sticks and clinch by the numbers. The bluenose cooled the drug store cowboy with a keen clout on the snoot and then went Dutch with the skirts at a do.

## Pacific Coast Left Without Single Undefeated Grid Team

NEW YORK—As the college football season rolled into the half way mark in the last week of October, Georgia Tech, Boston College, Georgia, Ohio State, Texas Christian, Alabama, Army, Tulsa, Syracuse and Detroit were the leading untied and undefeated teams of the nation.

The latest victims to fall from the elite class were Brown, Illinois, Santa Clara and Arizona and the latest major upsets were Yale's astonishing show of superiority over Dartmouth (17-7), Minnesota's return to form against Michigan (16-14), California's 19-6 win over Washington and U.C.L.A.'s 14-6 triumph over Santa Clara, which seems to assure it of a place in the Rose Bowl.

The defeats of Washington and Santa Clara, incidentally, leave the Pacific Coast without a single outstanding unbeaten eleven.

### *Thomas, Sinkwich Star*

A couple of backs named Paul Sarringhaus and Gene Fekete kept Ohio State at the top of the Big Ten last week. Between them, they gained 268 yards and did all the Buckeye scoring in the 20-6 decision over Northwestern.

Lou Thomas of Tulane, and Frank Sinkwich of Georgia, two of the South's leading All-American candidates, are also making headlines. Thomas scored one touchdown himself, threw passes for two more, kicked a field goal and an extra point against North Carolina (29-14) while Sinkwich ran wild against Cincinnati, scoring thrice and passes for two touchdowns.

Bill Daley was outstanding for Minnesota against Michigan and Bob Berina was the big gun in Princeton's 32-13 victory over previously unbeaten Brown. Chuck Taylor, a California guard, plucked the ball from the arms of a rival back and ran 32 yards for a winning touchdown against Washington.

### *Castleberry Shines*

Among the other individual stars of the last week were Tom Farmer of Iowa who kicked both important points for Iowa's 14-13 edge over Indiana, and Ross Ashbaugh of Notre Dame who set up two of the Irish touchdowns in the 21-14 trouncing of Illinois and then intercepted a pass on his goal line in the last minute.

And then there was Clint Castleberry of Georgia Tech—a little freshman from Atlanta who weighs only 155 pounds. He grabbed an Annapolis pass and ran 95 yards through the whole Navy line-up when the Wrecks turned back the Midshipmen, 21-0.

## SPORT SHORTS

The **Notre Dame** football players who took the measure of Stanford, Iowa Seahawks and Illinois on successive Saturdays couldn't win a game until they changed their jerseys from blue to green. . . . As soon as Joe Louis' rumored retirement was announced **Jimmy Johnston,** the "Boy Bandit of Jacob's Beach," claimed the title for **Bob Pastor,** who promptly went out and got himself knocked off by Jimmy Bivins. . . . **Shut Out,** Kentucky Derby winner, has been retired to the Whitney farm because of a strained leg.

Department stores are advertising "The Brooklyn Dodgers Victory Book of 1942" at a reduced price. . . . **Leroy Yeomans,** 17, an archer, got a buck in Wisconsin with an arrow through the shoulder after he'd been hunting only five minutes. . . . In the last 15 seasons, **Detroit University** has lost two games in a row only twice. . . . 1,225 minor-league players are in the armed services to date. . . . **Torchy Peden,** six-day bike rider, is using his two-wheeler to pedal to work in a Cleveland defense plant. . . . **Pvt. Morrie Anovich,** former big-league outfielder, is a casualty at Fort Lewis. He slipped in the shower and put his arm through a window.

The New Jersey boxing commissioner, **John Hall,** has waived license requirements for soldiers to encourage their boxing in nearby cities. . . . **Phil Ruzzo,** Yankee keystone sacker, who joined the Navy, never played with anything but a pennant winner: Bassett, '37; Norfolk, '38, Kansas City, '39-'40, and Yanks '41-'42 . . . **Millie Lamond,** 16-year-old Park Ridge (N. J.) girl, is an "exercise boy" at Metropolitan New York tracks. . . . You can't kid **Dana Bible,** Texas coach, He says there's no such thing as a football upset. It's because players have their minds on the war when the best team loses. . . . **Ohio State** has drawn more paying customers than any other team this season. . . . The **Notre Dame** squad selects a "player of the day" after each game who gets a scroll and $25 war bond upon graduation. . . . **Pvt. Irish McGee** of Fort Knox is bowling over professional wrasslers in Louisville with the Irish whip.

**Harry Geisel,** veteran American League umpire, turned in his mask and chest protector so he can "aid in the war effort." . . . New high in football matchmaking came when **Rice** called off its game with **North Carolina** due to transportation difficulties, giving only a week's notice.

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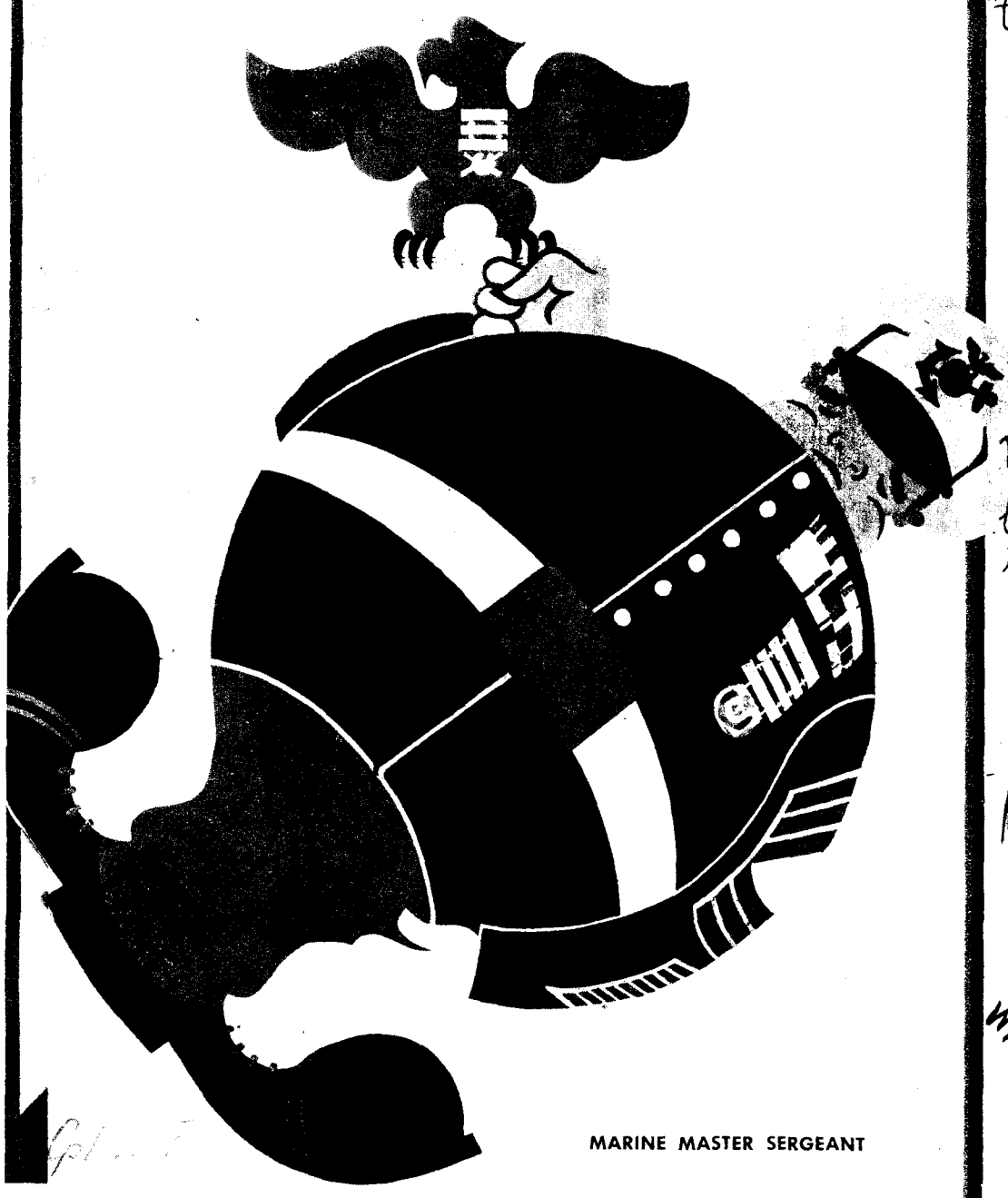

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## LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT MARINES

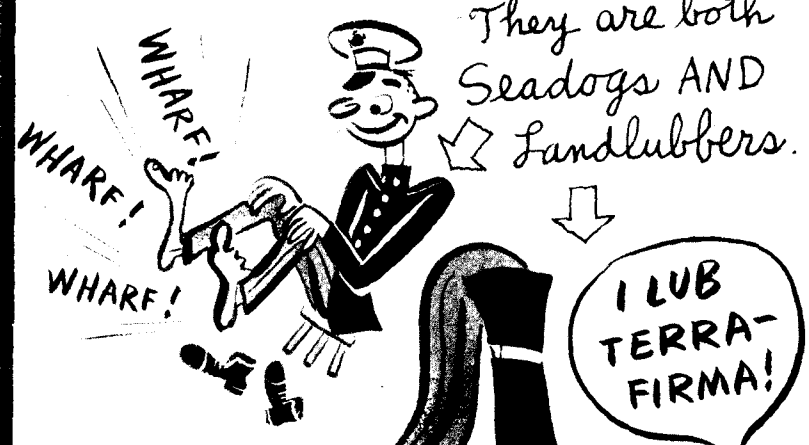
collected by Cpl. SQW

This is the Marine everybody has been "telling it to." ⇨

⇦ The guy who designed the marine uniform.

Marine officers rise from the ranks.

They are both Seadogs AND Landlubbers.



⇦ The only way a girl can attract any attention—when she's with a Marine.

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